Frontispiece to Vol. 38.

W.H. Brook delin. H.R. Cook sculp.

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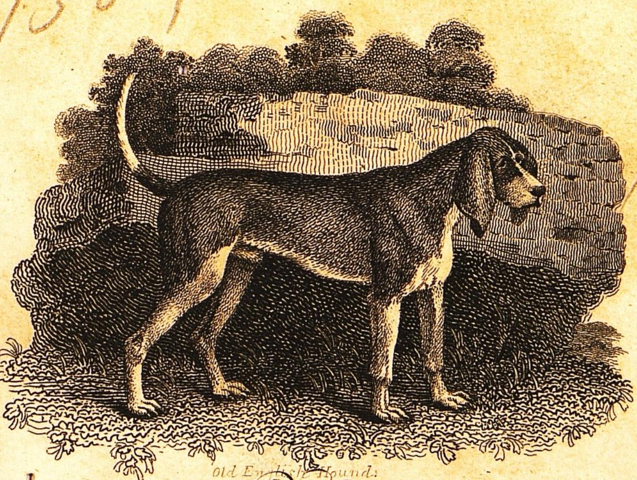
Eighteenth of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, And every other Diversion Interesting to the Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

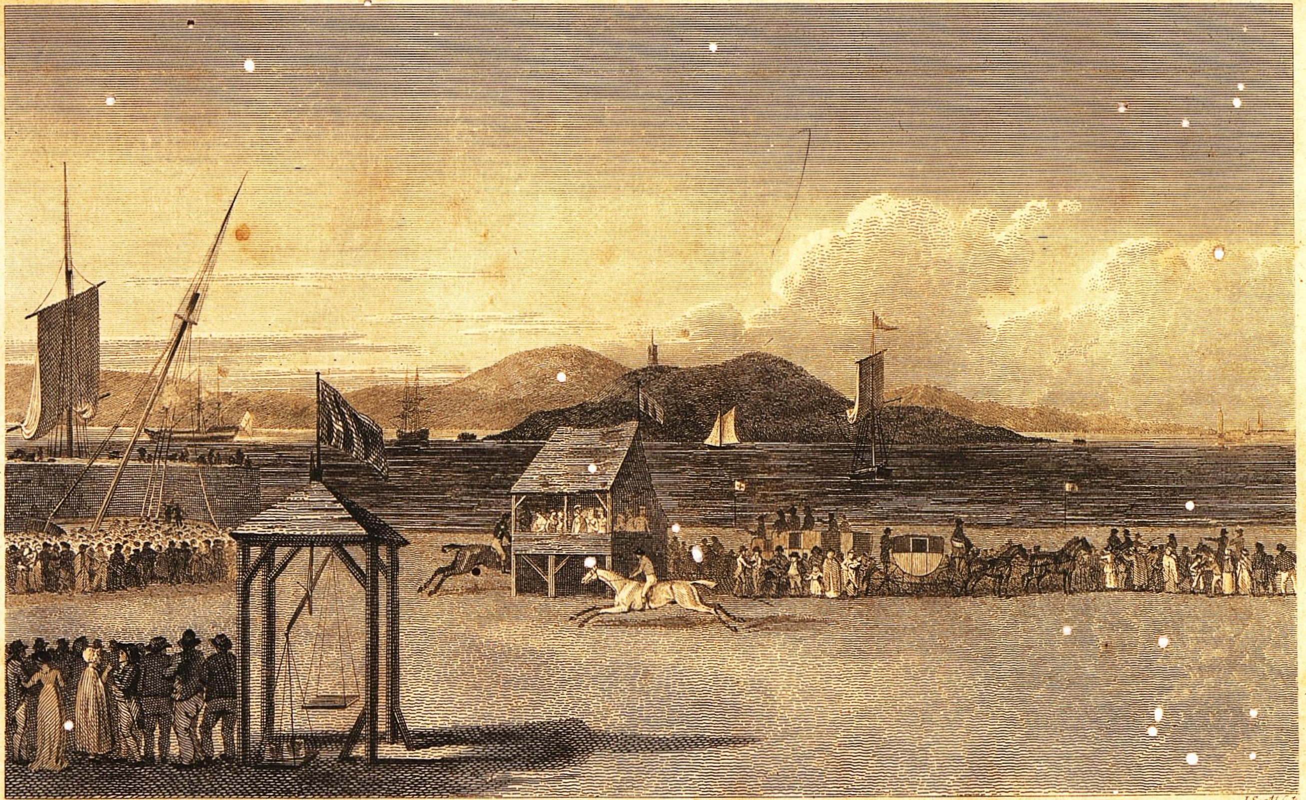
VOL. 38.

1384



Old English Hound.

London
Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.
1811.



J. Emery del.t J. Scott sc.t

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. APRIL, 1811. No. CCXXIII.

LEITH RACES.

THE animated race, the busy throng, and the beautiful scenery displayed in this plate, will, we are sure, meet the approbation of our numerous readers. The marine combined with the rural objects it presents, constitute a novelty seldom to be found at a horse-race. Few situations, like that from whence it is taken, afford so variegated a picture, and which does great credit to the taste of the amateur artist by whom it was designed.

HOO RACES.

HOO Races, Herts, at the Hon. Thomas Brand's Park, commenced on Friday, the 19th instant, and were very numerously attended The racing began at one o'clock, and continued till dark, running every half hour; there being three different Sweepstakes, the Farmer's Cup value fifty guineas, and four matches, for the first day's sport, all rode by noblemen and gentlemen. The Hunters' Stakes of ten guineas each, eleven subscribers, was won by the Duke of St. Albans' Cambrian, beating Mr. Kingston's Jeremy, Lord Frederick Beauclerk's Lop, Mr. Brett's Wormwood, Lord Frederick Beauclerk's Tristram, and Mr. Brand's Mungo. Lord Frederick Beauclerk in this race proved himself as good a rider as any in the kingdom. On the second day, Mr. Lamotte's Amelia, rode by Colonel Draper, beat Mr. Smith's Brass, rode by Mr. Delme, two miles, fifty guineas—three to one on Brass. Romeo, rode by Colonel Draper, beat Transit, rode by Mr. Delme, two miles, fifty guineas; it is supposed there were two thousand guineas depending on this match. Eight races on this day. Between three and four o'clock the company, which consisted of all the beauty and fashion of the surrounding country, retired to Mr. Brand's mansion, to partake of real old English hospitality, it being open house for all who chose to go. Every delicacy of the season was provided, and the most superior wines were served up with a liberality unparalleled.

SALE OF THE LATE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S STUD AT NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

	Gs.
MOREL, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard.—Sold to Mr. Andrew for	620
Whalebone, by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.—Lord Jersey	1400
Brother to Morel.—Mr. Harvey, late owner of Castrel	440
Sister to Fairing.—Mr. Payne	150
Haphazard Filly.—Mr. Thornhill	90

A Brother

	Gs.
Brother to Whalebone.—Mr. Payne	500
Colt, by Sorcerer, out of Parasol, by Po80's.—General Gower	220
Colt, by Waxy, out of Woodbine, by Woodpecker.—Ld G. H. Cavendish	510
Brother to Morel.—Mr. Payne	260
RISING ONE YEAR OLD.	
Br. Colt, by Sorcerer, out of Dabchick	210
Bay Colt, by Pioneer, out of Lumbago	190
Bay Filly, by Walton, out of Parasol	155
Ches. Filly, by Waxy, out of Blackberry	100
Bay Filly, own Sister to Fairing	125
BROOD MARES.	
Hornby-Lass, covered by Waxy	310
Minion, covered by Vandyke	85
Lumbago, covered by Vandyke	175
Rattle, in foal to Waxy	205
Garland, covered by Vandyke	170
Blackberry by Trentham, with a Colt Foal, by Waxy; covered by Vandyke	150
Sister to Whalebone, rising 5 years old: covered by Vandyke	280

RACES APPOINTED IN 1811.

Chester	*May*	6
Newmarket Second Spring Meeting		13
Goodwood		23
York Spring Meeting		27
Epsom		29
Maddington	*June*	5
Manchester		5
Ascot-Heath		11
Newton		12
Newcastle, Northumberland		17
Bibury		25
Newmarket July Meeting		8
Knutsford		30
Worcester	*August*	13
Northampton	*Sept.*	11
Kingscote		17
Newmarket First October Meeting		30

EASTER HUNTS.

EPPING FOREST EASTER HUNT.

A Stag was, according to annual manorial custom, turned out on Monday, for the diversion of the foresters and all comers, opposite the Ballfaced-stag public-house. The stag was uncarted at one o'clock; and as soon as the scared animal could extricate himself from the multitude that surrounded him, and rent the welkin with their shouts, he dashed off in good stile down the declivity, and ascending the slope of Highbeech-hill, topped the ridge, and increased his speed. The dogs were then laid on, after allowing their antlered game about eight minutes law; but instead of stag-hounds, they were a motley, ill-matched collection of harriers and fox-hounds, *brigaded* from all the packs in the county, and which, like the troops of our unfortunate expedition to the Helder, had never before served together in the field. The natural consequence was, they were as much scared as the stag by the shouts of the hunters, and two thirds of them ran at fault, and were thrown out in the firsty twenty minutes run; not above five couple followed the game, the rest skulking away through the coppices on either side. The hunters, horse, foot, and in carriages, pursued as fast as their speed, or the interruption of the ground and the stunted trees would admit, and in a few

a few minutes many sportsmen were left sprawling on the forest; while their horses, disburdened of their unskilful riders, either followed the chase, or browzed on the scanty grass in their way. The stag, for about an hour, kept the ground of High-beech-hill, towards the ponds behind Loughton, where he was bred; and having out-stripped his pursuers, and left the dogs at fault, lay down quietly in a thicket, where he was taken by some persons, who conveyed him in triumph to the Horse and Wells tavern, at Woodford, whither the sportsmen who had been early flung out in the chase having repaired to gratify the keener calls of appetite, plucked him almost bald, to decorate their hats with trophies of his hair. Few accidents of a serious nature occurred, and the whole sport was terminated in less than two hours from its commencement.

KING'S HOUNDS.

THE Royal Hunt, on Easter Monday, in Windsor Forest, afforded but little sport to the numerous sportsmen assembled. The deer was abashed from the confused noise of horns and halloos, and after running a mile, stopped short, and was run into and killed by the hounds.

Since the days of poor Taplin, we have never received any well-written description of the Royal Chase; we must, therefore, be content with the best that can be obtained.—To compensate for the disappointment on Monday, a deer was turned out on Thursday, named Pilot (brother to the famous Hendon deer), on Stoke Common, which afforded an excellent run to Burnham; from whence making a double, and taking East Burnham, he led the hounds, and a numerous field, back to Stoke Common. He then took away towards Uxbridge, through Lord Grenville's plantation, and on for Lord Boston's Park, where, finding himself hard pressed, he took refuge in a cottager's habitation, on the estate of Lord Carrington, at Wickham, in which he was secured. This being the last day's sport for the season, the company was uncommonly numerous.

BARTON-ON-HUMBER MEETING.

THESE Races commenced on Thursday, the 28th ult. A vast concourse of spectators were drawn together by the novelty of the scene, and the fineness of the weather.—Most of the races afforded excellent sport. The Subscription Purse of 70gs. was won by Mr. Richardson's Tutelina, beating Mr. Hotham's Ganymede, Mr. King's Driver, Mr. Grayburn's Opie, and Mr. Jackson's Mansfield. The Hunters' Purse of 50l. was won by Mr. Richardson's horse Bowlback, beating Mr. Holgate's br. mare, Mr. Grant's Jacob, Mr. Schonswar's Wasey, and Mr. Scolefield's Alonzo. The Hunters' Purse of 50l. the property of the members of the Barton Club, was won by Mr. Marris's Harry Rowe, beating Mr. Richardson's Precipitate, Mr. Grayburn's Idris, and Mr. Scrivener's Blackbird; after which a very good poney race afforded much sport. This meeting is likely to draw much company, and afford excellent sport to Barton and its neighbourhood, for future years.

 SPORT-

SPORTING OBITUARY.

ON Friday, the 5th instant, died, in the *hundredth year* of his age, Mr. William Furnish, of York, and formerly an innkeeper in that city. No man was better known or more respected by all degrees in life. Indeed his good and upright conduct as a citizen—his cheerful, respectable, and venerable appearance as a man, commanded the approbation of all who knew him, and of all who saw him; and from his open and honest freedom of conversation, he was held in great esteem by a number of gentlemen, and by none more than by the late Peregrine Wentworth, Esq. He was ever partial to the sports of the field, especially to greyhound coursing; for which diversion he always kept the best dogs, and was reckoned a most accurate judge of them. But his long course is now run—and he has fallen into the grave, respected and highly venerated, by a most extensive circle of relatives, friends, and acquaintances, like a full, rich, and mellow shock of corn, to which time had long not wished to put his scythe.

Lately died, Charles Smith, Esq. of Rochdale, a gentleman well known on the turf, and truly and honourably regarded by all gentlemen who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

At the beginning of the month, died, at the extraordinary age of *one hundred and twelve years*, after two days' illness, John Leary, an honest, faithful domestic, in the family at Currah, county of Limerick, for upwards of eighty years. He commenced his servitude with the late Vere Hunt, Esq. as groom, in the year 1730, and remained with him until his death; since which period he continued his service with Sir Vere Hunt, Bart. until within the last ten years, when he retired (although then in perfect health and strength) to a cottage built for him within the demesne. He was married to eight wives, by seven of whom he had children—his last he married in his 103d year. He lived in the reign of six monarchs, and saw, as he recorded before his death, from five to seven generations of most of the families of that county, of the vicissitudes of which *honest* John Leary was the stationary spectator for above a century; and before his death (retaining his senses and perfect memory to the last moment) he declared that he never suffered a day's illness or an hour's pain, unless for the death of a friend, or *occasionally* for the loss of a wife! His remains were interred in the church-yard of Nantinan, attended by the entire neighbourhood.

The middle of the month, died, Mr. Christopher Lipscomb, many years gamekeeper in the family of the Earl of Abingdon.

On Monday, the 15th instant, died, at the age of forty-nine, much respected, to the great affliction of his family and friends, Mr. Alexander Bartholoman, printer of the *York Herald*, and one of the Common Councilmen for Walmgate Ward, in that city.

CROXTON PARK RACES.

THESE Races, which, under the auspices of his Grace of Rutland, have been gradually rising to celebrity, on Wednesday, the 3d inst. proved unusually attractive. The following is a short account of the decision of the different races:

Mr. Lichford's gr. h. Greyman, beat

beat Mr. Towers's ch. h. Set Fair, 50gs.—Once round the Course (ridden by the owners), Mr. Towers giving 5lb.

The Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, two miles (ridden by Gentlemen), 12st. each, were won by Mr. Frisby's Waltham, beating Mr. Pierrepoint's Dragon, Mr. Paris's Traveller, Lord Chatham's Cocoa, and Mr. Towers's The King of Rome.

The Farmer's Plate of 50l. given by the Gentlemen of the Belvoir Hunt (ridden by Farmers), was won, at three heats, by a bay mare belonging to Mr. Barlow, of Harby in the Vale, 4 years old, carrying 10st. 11lb. beating 21 others.

The Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each (ridden by Gentlemen), were won by Mr. Frisby's Waltham, beating Mr. Craven's Englishman, Mr. Paris's Traveller, Mr. Lindow's Landscape, Mr. Pierrepoint's Helen, Mr. Towers's Cecilia, and Mr. Spence's Fugitive.

A Match for 200gs. between Captain Morgan's b. h. and Mr. Spencer's br. h. (ridden by the owners) was won by the latter.

Another Match for 200gs. between the same horses (b. h. ridden by Mr. Germain, and br. h. by Mr. Douglas) was also won by the latter.

Lord F. Bentinck, Sir W. W. Wynne, H. Vansittart, Esq. and C. Forrester, Esq. were Stewards.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's, on Thursday, April 25, 1811.

Claret Stakes.

55 to 20 agst Oriana.
4 to 1 agst Perouette.
4 to 1 agst The Dandy.
5 to 1 agst Eccleston.
6 to 1 agst Treasurer.
10 to 1 agst Crispin.
14 to 1 agst Hephestion.

Even betting the horses against the mares:—very heavy bets made.

Two-Thousand-Guinea Stakes.

5 to 2 agst Trophonius.
5 to 2 agst Schoolboy.
3 to 1 agst Jolter.
5 to 1 agst Barrosa.

Derby Stakes.

2 to 1 agst Wellington.
5 to 1 agst Sir C. Bunbury's Whiskey colt.
9 to 1 agst Trophonius.
9 to 1 agst Magic.

Oaks Stakes.

5 to 1 agst Sister to Perouette.
7 to 1 agst Sorcerer.
9 to 1 agst Stingtail.
10 to 1 agst Barrosa.
10 to 1 agst Dick Andrews filly.
11 to 1 agst Sir J. Shelley's filly.

10 to 1 against naming both winners of Derby and Oaks.

COCKINGS.

AT NORWICH.

ON Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th days of March last, a grand main of cocks was fought at the King's Head Inn, in Norwich, that city and Norfolk against Cambridgeshire, for ten guineas a battle and one hundred guineas the odd, to shew forty-one battles in the main, of which thirty-one came in fray; there were also fourteen bye battles, for four guineas a battle.—Fleming, jun. feeder for Cambridgeshire, and Lamb, feeder for Norfolk. The following is a correct

rect statement of each day's fight; two in-goes each day:—

		Cambridgeshire.		*Norfolk.*	
		M.	B.	M.	B.
Tuesday,	1st in-go,	3	1....	2	1
	2d ditto	3	3....	2	0
Wednesd.	1st in-go,	2	2....	3	0
	2d ditto	3	2....	2	1
Thursd.	1st in-go,	2	0....	3	2
	2d ditto	2	2....	3	0
		15	10	15	4

In this match it will be observed, that neither were victors in the main, each having won fifteen battles, and the odd battle being a drawn one.

The pit was numerously attended by some of the first gentlemen in the county of Norfolk. From the close manner in which this main was contested, it is expected to be renewed for a great sum of money.

AT BRIGHTON.

A main of cocks was fought at the White Lion Inn, in this town, on the 18th instant, the cockers of the Isle of Wight having matched their breed against that of Sussex, and signal was the advantage the former obtained over the latter, for out of ten battles fought in the whole, they obtained nine, only one Sussex cock surviving the contest. Much money was won and lost.

DISPUTES

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

THE following statement hath appeared in the leading journals, and as it hath remained uncontradicted, we presume that we may offer some remarks upon its spirit and tendency, without incurring the imputation of being either rash or irrational.

"Some time since the Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted to his Royal Highness a military arrangement, in consequence of the death of Lord Cardigan, to which he trusted to be honoured with the Prince Regent's approbation.

"Earl Harcourt to be Governor of Windsor Castle, in the room of the Earl of Cardigan, deceased.

"General Charles Crauford to be Governor of the Military College at Marlow, in the room of Earl Harcourt.

"The Prince Regent signified his entire acquiescence in the appointment of Earl Harcourt to Windsor Castle; he knew it would be perfectly agreeable to his Majesty; and he had reason to believe that he had designed him to be the successor of the Earl of Cardigan.

"The Prince also expressed the high respect which he entertained for the talents and services of General Crauford. He had high claims on the gratitude of his country, and the country had not been unmindful of his claims. His Royal Highness said, that to the best of his recollection, General Crauford had a pension of 1200l. a year on his own life, and that of the Duchess his wife. He had a regiment of Dragoon Guards, and he was the Lieutenant - Governor of Tynemouth, bringing him altogether above 3000l. a year; and therefore he must hesitate in adding to these appointments, while so many other gallant Officers had not an equal provision.

"Mr. Perceval strongly urged the General's high merit, and besides begged leave respectfully to state to his Royal Highness, that his

his claims were powerfully seconded by his son-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle, whose support in Parliament was most essential to his Majesty's administration, perhaps was of more consequence to them than that of any other individual.

"The Prince Regent, in answer to this argument, made a declaration to the following purport—'Sir, I did not expect such a reason to be assigned; but I am not sorry that it is so in an instance like the present, when it enables me to make known my resolution without disparagement to the gallant Officer in question. I repeat that I have a high respect for his merits, which have met their reward; but I must tell you, once for all, that I never can nor will consent to bestow any place or appointment meant to be any asylum or reward for the toils and services of our gallant soldiers and seamen, on any person upon account of Parliamentary connection, or in return for Parliamentary votes. This is my fixed determination; and I trust I shall never again be solicited in the same way.'

"The Minister bowed and took his leave. It is not true, therefore, that General Crauford is appointed Governor of the Military College at Marlow."

The Ministerial Journals have doubted the authenticity of the above report, on the ground that neither the Prince Regent, nor Mr. Perceval, would disclose such a conversation. It is, however, asserted by the paper which first gave currency to the report, that a young Duke related to one of the parties, in the warmth of his temper and irritated by disappointment, was the person who *let the cat out of the bag.*

Under the existing circumstances of this country, it is impossible to peruse the above statement, without imbibing the most heartfelt satisfaction, to know that we are subjects to a government where the regal Lieutenant and Heir Apparent, is actuated by sentiments, so politic, so wise, so just, and so noble.—A difference of opinion as to political expediency, may exist between his Royal Highness and some of the leading members of the present administration: but it is utterly impossible that any upright Briton, or indeed any honest man, who has the glory and welfare of his country at heart, can refuse the homage of his approbation to a resolution so fraught with independence, integrity, and patriotism.

There have been a variety of opinions promulgated, and contested, upon the absolute necessity of a parliamentary reform, in the general bearing of which we altogether agree; but, in our thought, the demon of governmental corruption never received so severe a blow, as in the high and virtuous instance under our consideration.—There is something so magnanimous in the action, when the head and fountain of power is willing to forego the advantages of station, in favour of the claims of heroism and virtue, that we value ourselves upon the knowledge that we stand relatively on the same political ground with this wise and discreet Prince, under whose beneficent auspices we cheerfully look forward for a complete restoration of all those constitutional blessings which formed the main strength of the throne, as well as the felicity of the people.

W.

MIS-

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES,

Not received in time to class with subjects of a similar tendency as Sporting Intelligence.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Pigeon Match was shot at Woodford-Wells, on the 24th instant, from a trap twenty yards from gun; bounds, seventy yards; between the following gentlemen; twenty-four shots each:

	Hit.	*Missed.*
Mr. Bryen	10	14
Mr. Mellish	10	14
Mr. Parish	3	21
Mr. Bushnan	4	20
	27	69

	Hit.	*Missed.*
Mr. Harrington	10	14
Mr. Snell	15	9
Mr. Raikes	4	20
Mr. Bordam	1	23
	30	66

The match was won by the latter.

SPARRING.

Young Belcher's benefit took place on Thursday, the 25th instant, at the Fives Court, which was literally crammed, inasmuch as many could only view the walls. About nine hundred persons were present. After some minor *sets-to,* Molineux and Richmond diverted the company with a display of science, exhibited particularly by the latter. Crib and Pitton also exhibited; and Young Belcher shewed forth that science peculiar to himself with Rimmer, the Lancashire man, as well as with Molineux, who had previously sparred with Burn. The close attention of the amateurs present was drawn to the sparring of Rimmer, who, as the public have been informed, is a promising young man.

In speaking of the defensive part Rimmer took with Young Belcher, it is just to state, that he exceeded the sanguine hopes of his friends. It is notorious that there is not a pugilist on the list whom Belcher could not *spoil* by a sort of *gifted* science, unknown to the other pugilists, but he made less of Rimmer than of any *colt* he ever undertook to spoil the face of. The Lancashire man even planted blows, which by length and strength Belcher could not stop. He is also a very good left-handed hitter, and being now under one-and-twenty, he will doubtless become very formidable as a six-feet man.

The match between Crib and Molineux will be for three hundred guineas, but the money is not yet staked, and the betting between Young Belcher and Silverthorne, which takes place on the 6th of June, is two to one on the former.

FOUR IN HAND.

The Four-in-Hand Club had a kind of set out in Edward-street, Portman-square, on Thursday, the 11th instant, preparatory to their first regular meeting for the season, which is fixed for the 3d of May.—The following members were present at this previous meeting:

1st. Mr. Charles Buxton, (leader) barouche landau, and four bays.
2d. Lord Hawke, ditto.
3d. Captain Agar, ditto, and four greys.
4th. Mr. Spicer, ditto, and four bays.
5th. Mr. Champion, ditto, and four bays.

We shall abstain from that frivolity of remark which accompanies the newspaper accounts of the above and similar exhibitions.

DO-

DOHERTY *versus* WYATT.

Continued from Vol. 37, page 293.

"I Have but little more to address to you; I shall read one or two letters, accompanying them, as I proceed, with such observations as occur to me to be material; and I shall trouble you to take a few dates, the better to assist your minds in the progress of the enquiry in which you are engaged. But I must first trespass on your attention while I make another remark with respect to Mr. Wyatt, the defendant; I stated to you, that, previous to this lady's leaving Laurel-lodge, Mr. Wyatt went to the father and represented (I should say *misrepresented*) to him the conduct of Mr. Doherty towards his wife; he stated that, which all this host of witnesses I shall call before you, following Mr. Doherty from the hour of his marriage to the elopement of his wife, will disprove, and give the most satisfactory evidence in contradiction of. He stated the situation of his daughter to be such, that it became necessary to use artifice in order to protect her, and for that purpose to lock up her unhappy husband and his infant child in a prison, by means of an action for a pretended debt, and by compelling him to give security under the articles of the peace.

"Gentlemen, the date of Mrs. Doherty's going away from Laurel-lodge, was the 25th of May, 1806. I will give you a letter from Mr. Wyatt to Mr. Doherty, of the date of the 2d of June, 1806; from the contents of which, you will be able in the most satisfactory and unexceptionable manner, to form a proper judgment and estimate of Mr. Wyatt's *veracity*.—Now allow me first to observe, that if, in May 1806, he had represented to Mr. Hunter, the father, as a friend, that his poor daughter was living a sad and miserable life with her husband, and that it was necessary to get her away from him at any rate and by any means, perhaps you will expect to find Mr. Wyatt, as a man of honour, renouncing all intercourse with the husband, and telling him that he himself was a party to getting his wife away from him, because he had treated her in such a manner, that no man could hear of it without being disgusted at his conduct; you will expect, doubtless, to find him refusing to interfere in favour of such a husband—at least you will not expect to find him *volunteering* his good offices. I shall lay before you a letter which will give you an opportunity of judging of his *veracity*. You will recollect I stated to you, Mr. Wyatt had represented to Mr. Hunter, that, if he wished to save his daughter's life, he must by some means rescue her from the power of Mr. Doherty. Now this is the letter which Mr. Wyatt writes on the 2d of June, 1806: 'Dear Doherty, I am very happy to inform you that Mr. Holmes has seen Mr. Cannon, and has expressed a wish to have a statement of all your debts. I shall ride down to you in the morning, but must return to dine with Lord Rolle in the evening. It is useless for me to add that I wish you every success; believe me *yours sincerely*, P. W. Wyatt.'

"What does this letter convey to you? Why, that this gentleman is in embarrassed circumstances; that his affairs are disordered; that it is necessary he should have pecuniary assistance, and that his conduct, as far as it had come under

under the observation of Mr. Hunter and his family, in the course of their constantly living together at Brighton, and afterwards at Laurel-lodge, had been such as to induce him to think well of his son-in-law;—that he was determined to relieve him from the pressure of his difficulties, and that no person was so earnest to forward that benevolent intention as Mr. Wyatt, and he begs he will believe him to be *most sincerely his.*

"On the 4th of the same month, he writes, this letter: 'Dear Doherty, have you heard any thing more from Cannon relative to the settlement of your debts? Mrs. Doherty I saw yesterday, and she told me that her father had not yet received any statement of your debts; I think you should make a point of sending it soon.' I pause here a moment; what does *this* convey? What would Mr. Doherty think of it? Why, he would say, 'Mr. Wyatt, who used to live upon friendly terms with me, being in London, and my wife at her father's house, he is there also to act for me as my solicitor. He sees the father, and converses with him about my debts; he sees my wife, and induces her to use her influence with her father in my favour.' He has no reason to believe that there is any alienation of her affections, but, on the contrary, that she is remaining at her father's to better his condition and her own by the interposition of her affluent parent, and that she will return with rapture to Laurel-lodge, or any other mansion he shall provide for her. He naturally supposes that his friend and wife are mutually co-operating to better his affairs. Mr. Wyatt says, 'I think you should send a statement of your debts soon.' Then there is something about some pistols he had borrowed. After speaking of the pistols, he states something which shews (that, though, under the mask of friendship, he meant to have it believed that every thing was going on well yet) that he had advanced so far in his scheme as to think he should not return to Laurel-lodge. He says, 'Have the goodness to set William to pack up my things, or, in all probability, I shall lose them.' By this time, I take it that this gentleman (who in June had represented that things were going on well) had so far succeeded, that he had induced this unhappy woman to become a partaker in his scheme, and was well assured that he should not again be a visitor at Laurel-lodge. He concludes, 'If you have any commission I can do in town for you, pray inform me, and believe me yours sincerely, P. W. Wyatt.'

"I shall trouble you with only another letter: Upon the 6th of June the articles of the peace were exhibited, upon the complaint of Mrs. Doherty, of some supposed violence intended to be used towards her by her husband. Now at this time, Mr. Wyatt knew that Mrs. Doherty, either with truth or without foundation, had exhibited the articles of the peace for the protection of her person and life: if he was conscious that these articles were founded in truth,—if there had been any thing in the conduct of Mr. Doherty, previous to his wife's leaving Laurel-lodge, which justified the wife in exhibiting the articles, Mr. Wyatt, one would naturally suppose, would be among the first to protect the wife and throw off the husband. I mention this to try the veracity of this man, and to expose the baseness and infamy of his conduct. You will find

find that, at this period, he stepped forward, not only to become, but to procure other persons to be security for this gentleman, which, of course, would give him an opportunity of repelling the outrage. Mr. Wyatt's letter of the 8th of June is this:—'My dear Doherty, I called three times on you yesterday, in Devonshire-street, in hopes of seeing either you or your brother. I am just with my father, and must remain with him for half an hour; I shall then dress myself and be with you by twelve o'clock.' There is an active friend; here is Mr. Doherty charged with articles of the peace on the prosecution of his wife. Who is he to look to for the purpose of assisting him? Mr. Wyatt flies to him in his distress; offers him assistance; asks him whether he has procured security, and if not, he shall be happy to obtain it for him. He says, 'If I can be of any service in obtaining security for you, pray do not hesitate to apply to me;' then, instead of his usual short conclusion, he adds, 'Because I am, as you ought to know, your *most affectionate* friend, P. W. Wyatt.' Now let me interpret this language —'Here is a storm gathering over you—somebody has been poisoning the mind of your father-in-law; your wife is not the wife she was—she is engaged in a conspiracy against your liberty, and you are likely to be locked up in a prison without a possibility of redress. Who should you apply to? who single out as your friend? Here I am; I do not wait your call—I am obliged to be with my father, but I shall not stay with him above half an hour, and then I beg you will not hesitate to command *your most affectionate friend.*' At the very time I am alluding to, this man was engaged in the deliberate, diabolical purpose of making it impossible that his wife should ever live with him again; in fact, I believe that at this time she was living with Mr. Wyatt in *base* and *scandalous* prostitution. There were many letters written, but I shall content myself with stating one more; it is a letter from Mr. Wyatt to Mr. Doherty, received in the King's-Bench prison on the 21st of June: 'Dear Doherty, I have many apologies to offer you for not answering your letter sooner, which I certainly should have done but for some engagements of a very particular nature. According to your request I have been to Mrs. Doherty, and urged every argument in my power in your behalf, all of which she rejected with indignation.' This paragraph contains a volume: the defendant apologises for not answering some pressing letter he had received from his correspondent before, but some engagements of a particular nature had made it impossible. The nature and the urgency of Mr. Doherty's letter may be collected from what follows. Its object, doubtless, was, that Mr. Wyatt should see Mrs. Doherty, and that he should become the earnest advocate of the *imprisoned* husband, in order to obviate any ill impressions she might have conceived—to conciliate her affections, and to remove the pressure of the imprisonment and the prosecution under which he was labouring. It marks that Mr. Doherty himself felt that his conduct would bear the strictest enquiry; for he selects, as his negociator, the man who had seen most of his connubial conduct—the man who, if he could with truth, would have said, 'You have conducted yourself with cruelty

ty towards your wife, how dare you apply to me? I should have been happy to have served you if you had acted like a gentleman; but it is impossible. How can I present myself to your injured wife?—she would say to me, 'How, Mr. Wyatt, can you approach me on a such a subject? others of his friends, perhaps, might with propriety; but you, who have seen how he has treated me—you, who know with what brutal violence I have been insulted—you, who are acquainted with his marked partiality for Hannah Flitt, my servant—you appeal to me in his favour,—(I do not wish to use a harsh expression, but would not her language be)—I must say you insult me yourself by becoming the negociator for such a man.' I repeat, it marks that Mr. Doherty felt the propriety of his own conduct; that he confided in his innocence; that he was conscious there was no pretence for the charges against him, and that he thought, if any mutual friend of the parties could have an opportunity of speaking to his wife, every thing might yet be well. His *affectionate* friend, Mr. Wyatt, undertakes the office, and now we shall see the account he gives of his mission; he says, 'I urged every argument in my power on your behalf, all of which she rejected with indignation.' This is the Mr. Wyatt, who, in May, had told Mr. Holmes that his daughter was not safe with her husband. Now he gives you in inverted commas the language of the wife—all of which she rejected with indignation, and replied in the following terms:—'Wyatt, I insist upon it that you never again, on any pretence whatever, mention his name to me, as it is my unalterable determination not to listen to any application of the kind; and you may say that he mistakes the business completely, if he supposes that I have acted as I have done on account of the influence my father has over me—no, on the contrary, from the dictates of my own feelings.'

"This is the representation Mr. Wyatt makes. I have no doubt the pupil adopted the language of the preceptor, who, I may well suppose, said something of this kind to her: 'Doherty, poor fellow, fancies he may trust me, but your heart knows I will not be a suitor for *him*, but somebody else. In order that I may write him a handsome letter, I will urge you to be reconciled to him; but recollect it is *your lover* who urges you.—What shall I say to him? 'Say, Wyatt? Why say, that I insist upon it you never again, on any pretence whatever, mention his name to me, as it is my unalterable determination not to listen to any application of the kind; and you may say that he mistakes the business completely, if he supposes that I have acted as I have done on account of the influence my father has over me—no, on the contrary, from the dictates of my own feelings.' I believe this too. I believe it was no parental authority that induced her to throw off her husband, I believe it was (to use the language of the writer in inverted commas) *her own feelings!*—all-powerful, not maiden love! but *all-powerful lust!* which this *insidious mediator* had excited: it was her depraved passions, it was those feelings which inflamed her, when Mr. Wyatt informed her he was urging his own suit—the suit of an *adulterous lover.* He goes on—'I saw Mr. Hunter, in Portland-place, yesterday morning.'—

Kind

Kind friend! sincere, benevolent negotiator! He is wearing himself to death in his service. No sooner has he wrote him a letter, to let him know that his wife has thrown him off, than he goes to see the *father*, to reason with him and try if he cannot pray in aid the father to bring back the daughter to her husband. He says—' I saw your father, Mr. Hunter, in Portland-place, yesterday morning, and he told me that it is his intention to set your marriage aside, which he says he can do with great ease; and then,' he should have added, ' I may marry the wife.' Not that I think he would be honourable enough to do that; there are but rare instances of those who, having had the gratification they seek, are induced to make the victim of their passion the only reparation in their power. ' He says he is determined to set your marriage aside.' There has been a long interval since the proceedings were instituted for the purpose of setting the marriage aside. Mr. Doherty has done all he could to hasten the proceedings. He feels as little disquiet at the idea of their being able to set aside the marriage, on the ground of the alleged cruelty, as on the ground of adultery. There has elapsed all the space from 1806 to 1811, and, if Mrs. Doherty had been disposed (considering the ample fortune Mr. Hunter has placed at the disposal of his daughter, and that there has been no adverse proceeding on the part of Mr. Doherty in the Commons), the nullity of the marriage might have been pronounced long ago; but they know there is *no pretence* for setting the marriage aside. He says, ' I think it is but *fair* to give you this intelligence, therefore do not be angry with me for it. You think you are unfortunate in being locked up within the walls of a prison, but do not afflict yourself, I am doing more for you than you could do for yourself—I am getting into the enemy's quarters. No person coming from you could make himself acquainted with the secrets of this family so well as myself: I have found out that your wife is disinclined to you, and that your father-in-law wishes to set aside your marriage: I think it fair to tell you this, but do not be angry with me—I know this intelligence will harrow up your soul! I know that you will think you are treated with injustice; I know that you have every thing in your favour but the *means* of defending yourself; you being, by the conduct of your oppressors, completely a beggar. You will bear the unwelcome news like a man, but I think it fair to put you on your guard.' He then says, ' I am going out of town on Saturday, for a few days; if I can possibly, I will call upon you before then, and if not, I shall receive any letter from you at Fonthill, Wiltshire. Yours sincerely, P. W. Wyatt.'

" Not to disgust you by dwelling on the conduct of this man, it is sufficient to say that he continued corresponding with the husband in the most affectionate manner.

" I am obliged to my learned friend Mr. Marryatt for stating and pointing out one part of the conduct of the defendant, as it is to be found in one of his letters. It corresponds with what I said in the beginning, and is literally true; but really, gentlemen, I am overwhelmed with this case, and I told my learned friends I should be hardly able to acquit myself in a way satisfactory to them. What *they* point

point out is important, and bears upon all the parts of the case. It is a letter written two years after the exhibition of the articles: it is written by Mr. Wyatt, not to Mr. Doherty, but to a friend of Mr. Doherty, giving his own account of the observations he had made. The articles had been exhibited two years before. This man had been constantly at the house of Mr. Doherty; if his wife had any wrongs to complain of, he had the opportunity of hearing them,—he had the means of hearing all her complaints in private, and of tracing and recollecting all that he had observed.

"I will now give you, under his own hand, the *damning proof* that there was no ground for believing that, at any one moment, Mr. Doherty had conducted himself improperly towards his wife, and that his object only was to alienate her affections from her husband, in order that *he* might possess her person. It is a letter written by the defendant to Mr. Thorpe, and dated the 12th of February, 1808: he says, 'Dear sir; I had the honour to receive your note this morning. I assure you I feel much obliged for your kind interference between Mr. Doherty and myself: you certainly stated the truth to him in mentioning, that I lamented his supposing I was not his friend as formerly.'

"Mr. Wyatt shall have his choice: at this time *he did* or *he did not* believe that there was a foundation for the complaints made by Mrs. Doherty. If *he did* believe them, and if any common friend, Mr. Thorpe, or any other person had stated that he was not the same fast friend of Mr. Doherty he had formerly been, his answer would have been—'You may tell Mr. Doherty he is right. I have had my eyes opened; I have seen that his conduct has been that of an abandoned husband, therefore he has himself to thank that he has lost my friendship;—tell him that I am no longer his friend.' But instead of this, he says to Mr. Thorpe, 'You spoke the truth when you told Mr. Doherty that now, after he has suffered two years imprisonment, now that his character is held out as that of a dishonourable man, seeking this woman only for the sake of her money,—you did but justice to him in saying, that he did injustice to me by supposing that I was less his friend than I had formerly been,' he proceeds, 'while I was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Doherty.'

"Gentlemen, need I call the servants who lived in the family of Mr. Doherty? need I call the innkeepers in his immediate neighbourhood, who had opportunities of observing the terms on which he lived with his wife?—No, I will call Mr. Wyatt himself, for his observation of these parties covers nine months preceding the period of the elopement. I shall read to you Mr. Wyatt's own evidence. He says, 'When I was in the habits of intimacy with Mr. Doherty, I have ever seen him shew the most affectionate warmth towards his wife, and tenderest solicitude for his son.—I was nine months in the house with them; I saw them in the morning when they rose, and at night when they retired to rest. I observed them through each state of intimate domestication.'—'I have ever seen him shew the most affectionate warmth towards his wife, and tenderest solicitude for his son.' I believe there are many who could witness the

the truth of the latter part of this observation, who have never seen Mrs. Doherty: for my own part, I have never seen a good parent who was a bad husband, and this I can say, I have never seen a kinder parent than Mr. Doherty appears to have been towards his imprisoned son. The date of this letter is the 12th of February, 1808; he says, 'Now do attend to this: Oh! that all adulterers would sit down and write for themselves, that we might have their own testimony on the day of trial.' See what this case is against the person of whom I complain, and then say, whatever may be the question with respect to Mr. Doherty's having to receive the 20,000l. whether Mr. Wyatt ought not to pay it, or, if he is not able to pay it in money, he should not pay it by the imprisonment of his person. He says, 'I have experienced marks of the greatest friendship and attention from him.' Does he mean that he is writing an account of his conduct, in all the relations of civil life—his attention to his wife—to his infant son; his friendship towards the man who returned it by debauching his wife? He adds, by way of climax, 'I have received on all occasions, without intermission, marks of the greatest friendship and attention for him; I assure you, I feel sorrow at ever having been induced, from the strength of the representations which had been made to me, from the natural warmth I had observed in the temper of Mr. Doherty, to believe what I heard of him was true, and which I hope will be very soon completely disproved.' Mark the hypocrite! 'My own observation placed him among the most estimable of men, but I went to hear from others what were their opinions upon a subject which no one was so well acquainted with as myself; I lament that, from the natural warmth of his temper, I should have been induced to believe any thing to his prejudice.' What does he mean by the warmth of his temper? Mr. Doherty had never shewn the warmth of his temper but in his affection for his wife, and his attention to his supposed friend. The warmth of his temper was amiable, and was only manifested by acts of beneficence. He says, 'That when persons were disposed to detract from his good name, he was inclined to believe things to his disadvantage, but he hopes he will be able to disprove them.'

" I pause here; at this time, if he had not despoiled the wife of her honour, he was pressing her close, and very soon after he was avowedly living with her in a state of adultery. This letter is not written to Mr. Doherty, but it is written to his friend.

" Gentlemen, I have little more to say; I have endeavoured to be distinct and explicit upon the subject of what Mr. Doherty has come here for. We *are not exhibiting articles of the peace*—Our *complaint may be contradicted*. If Mr. Doherty is not conscious that every syllable I have uttered is founded in truth, he is the greatest fool that ever appeared in a court of justice; for his object is to provoke enquiry, and to urge an host of enemies to come forward against him. He desires to meet his adversary face to face; he considers this as a happy day, after the cloud of misfortune which has so long hung over him. When he came here upon a former occasion, he could not help criticising the wisdom of British

British justice;—when he heard the articles of the peace read, knowing that they were not true, he could not but lament and express his surprise that he was not to have a fair trial—that he could not have the intervention of the learned Judges in his favour. Unfortunately for him, he was placed in one of those situations in which the Judges are only ministerial: he thought he was placed in a cruel situation; his conduct, as represented by his enemies, became the subject of newspaper remark; his character was injured, and he had no means of refuting the calumnies heaped upon him. He has now at least one obligation to Mr. Wyatt,—he has to thank him that his profligacy has at last given him an opportunity of having his case publicly enquired into. Mr. Wyatt has all the means of justifying himself he can desire, for he has the assistance of the adulteress: there is no secret of the most private moment of the plaintiff's domestic life he cannot avail himself of in his defence—there is no secret of the husband, which, for the protection of the favourite adulterer, she would not communicate to him. I have persuaded myself that my instructions are founded on the strictest truth; I invite my learned friend to prove the contrary, and when you have heard the whole of the case, we shall be perfectly satisfied with your judgment.

"If the case on the part of the defendant is to be this—that the only purpose of Mr. Doherty was to obtain this young lady for her wealth;—if it is to be said, and perhaps it may, that Mr. Doherty is an Irish fortune-hunter, educated to the army—that he sees a very young girl—runs away with and marries her without the consent of her parents,—and that therefore, when another man gets to bed to her, he has no right to come into court to complain: if that should be said, my reply is, this is not such a case—the character of this case is of a very different description; it is the case of a most respectable gentleman, of a country where they certainly have their faults, but where they are characterised by an extraordinary degree of ingenuousness and openness of heart. It is the case of a husband, sensibly alive to the impulses of friendship, and therefore very likely to receive into his house and confidence one whom he supposes is his friend, and who, having confided in that friend, has been betrayed by him. The plaintiff, Mr. Doherty, has to complain that such a man has destroyed his peace, violated the honour of his family, and is now rioting in the ruin he has occasioned."

BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

HAVING, in our Magazine for February last, extracted from the "Journal of a Regimental Officer in Portugal and Spain" various sporting anecdotes, as well as a narrative of the Battle of the Douro, we here give a short, but interesting description of the conflict of Talavera, in which the Journalist was severely wounded.

"Talavera is a large town, with intricate streets, and formerly celebrated for its silk manufactory. Most of the inhabitants have been driven out by the late excesses of the French. Close to our camp were the ruins of a most extensive and beautiful amphitheatre: the rotunda appeared to have been occupied by cavalry. Here also the remains

remains of a large church are added to the general marks of dilapidation.

"On the 25th and 26th of July, 1809, remained encamped round Talavera, destitute of almost every article of provision. On the latter day, the advanced guard of General Cuesta was driven from its position near Torrijos, when his army retired to the right bank of the Alberché. After this, all the movements of the enemy indicated the design of a general action.

"At one in the morning of the 27th, the cavalry were ordered to make a patrole.—We marched in the dark; and at day-break arrived at the bank of the Alberché, opposite the spot where the French had been lately encamped. We then halted, waiting for further orders, and hearing various reports:—some asserted that our picquets were driven in by the enemy; others, that the Spanish troops in front, with General Mackenzie's division, were engaged: but the prevailing opinion was, that the French had entirely retreated, and that no more would be seen of them till *we got near Madrid.*

"After a suspense of about three hours, we received orders to advance, and cross the river. Before we had marched a league, all the baggage of the advanced posts was met on the return, and the infantry retreating. The division thus pressed was that of General Mackenzie, which was attacked by a greatly superior force while falling back on the main body of the army.—General Mackenzie was posted near the wood on the right bank of the Alberché, with a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry.

"Of our combined force, the Spaniards formed the right wing, in front of Talavera; the ground before them *(from which they took care not to advance)* being covered with olive-groves, and much intersected by ditches. The open ground to the left was the station of the British: as this was commanded by a height, Major-General Hill's division was posted there, in a second line, and had to maintain the position against the repeated attacks of the enemy.—Another position, in the centre of the two armies, was secured by Brigadier-General A. Campbell, with the Guards, supported by our brigade of dragoons and *some* Spanish cavalry.

"The enemy's force, which more than twice exceeded ours, was composed of the united corps of Marshal Victor, and General Sebastiani, besides nearly eight thousand of Joseph Buonaparte's Guards, and the garrison of Madrid.

"But, reverting to our first advance.—With the Spanish cavalry on our right, we formed on a large plain; where the enemy came down in such strength that we were driven all the way back to Talavera; their *videttes* maintaining a skirmish with ours till within a mile of the town.—We went into camp, but received immediate orders to turn out again, the whole army being under arms, for the support of General Mackenzie's division, which, with a brigade of six six-pounders, had hitherto sustained the efforts of the enemy.—For this purpose the cavalry re-advanced, and had no sooner reached the plain, than we found ourselves under a heavy cannonade, particularly on the left, from the range of the hills, near a wood; we then fell back on the heights to the left of Talavera.

"In the dusk of evening the enemy began a warm action with the artillery and infantry, the latter of whom were engaged nearly all night; and a little before dark the enemy made an attempt, with *a few* Polish cavalry, to break through the whole of the Spanish lines, and enter Talavera. On this the Spaniards opened a fire from right to left, by which the Poles were put to flight.—Our cavalry were in the rear.

"Formed in open column, and lay down, with our horses' bridles round our arms, till midnight, when we were roused by a sharp firing on the left. This was occasioned by an attempt of the enemy to gain possession of the height occupied by General Hill's division. After an obstinate struggle, and a momentary appearance of success, they were repulsed in a very spirited manner by the bayonet. Whole battalions of the enemy had got into our line; some calling out that they were "Spanish;" and others, that they were "Germans deserting:" our old soldiers, however, soon discovered their "*ruse de guerre*," and gave them enough of coming to close quarters.

"28th.—About two o'clock in the morning our attention was again called to a heavy firing from the wood in front of Talavera.—The Spaniards, as we afterwards learnt, had opened their fire on their own *videttes*, whom, from the darkness of the night, they had mistaken for those of the enemy. Similar mistakes occurred throughout the armies.

"During the night-engagements, our battalions, as well as those of the enemy, fought with such determined fury, as frequently to close in, and beat out each other's brains with their muskets.

"At half past five *a. m.* the attack was renewed on General Hill's position, and was again repelled with distinguished bravery.—The two armies continued sharply engaged till about eleven o'clock, when the attack of the French was suspended. They then rested their troops; and, it was reported, cooked their dinners in the field of battle.—We were at the same time cheered with the welcome appearance of some wine, which, with a little bread, was issued to our troops.

"About noon the engagement was renewed, and became general; when the firing of musketry was heard, like the roll of a drum, with scarcely a moment's intermission, accompanied by a heavy cannonade; and thus continued during the remainder of the day.—Our infantry could not but suffer most severely during such a universal slaughter: several regiments, on both sides, were nearly cut to pieces, many companies being reduced from seventy-five to nine or ten men.—The dragoons on the right did not come forward till the afternoon, when they were called to support General Sherbrooke's division. After making our way through a grove of olives in some confusion, we gained the open ground, and had to form under an incessant fire of artillery and musketry; the small shot literally pouring in like a shower of hail.—On the left of the line were the 23d Dragoons and 1st German Hussars, who advanced against some French columns, which were marching on General Hill's division by way of the valley. This brigade was ordered to charge; but the enemy, having soon formed in two solid squares, were too well prepared for their reception; and, to increase the

the disadvantages under which this attack was made, there was, between these regiments and the enemy, a large ditch. Notwithstanding the difficulty this occasioned, the 23d Dragoons persevered in the charge; and, though with a most serious loss, penetrated the French battalions.

"I here assert, that several of the Spanish cavalry *ran away!* some of whom were *seen robbing* the poor women belonging to the British army, whom they found on the road, crying, and anxiously alarmed for the fate of their husbands. One poor wretch (of our regiment) they not only plundered of every thing in her possession, but took her very clothes, and an ass, on which, from her *infirmity*, she was *obliged* to travel. The cruelty practised by some of our *allies* exceeded every thing that can be conceived. I was informed—and believe it—that, after robbing, stripping, and putting to death, several of our wounded, a party of them had the impudence to appear before our officers, relating their own enormities, with seeming horror, and imputing them to the French. Their guilt, however, appeared manifest, from the appointments of the unfortunate sufferers being found in their possession.—Added to this, so completely did the Spaniards in general monopolise every article of provision, that, to the period above described, many of us had been nearly three days without receiving bread, or any kind of sustenance. This may in some measure, perhaps, be attributed to a want of exertion in many of our commissariat.

"To return from this digression.—The battle raged, with equal obstinacy on both sides, till the close of day; when, after a most sanguinary contest, the action ceased; each party maintaining the same position.—During the night the enemy retreated, and crossed the river Alberché in perfect order; leaving us in possession of the field of battle.

"Thus the hard-fought action was decidedly gained by the matchless bravery of British troops.—Nothing could exceed the valour of our infantry and cavalry during the whole of the above engagements; and our artillery was also highly conspicuous, though labouring under the disadvantage of having no horses in reserve.—The effect of Colonel Shrapnell's shells was fatally ruinous to the enemy's columns, which by these were frequently broken: but it was lamentable, during the day, to see the fuzes set fire to the grass, by which many of the wounded were burnt. —We had thirty pieces of artillery—viz. nineteen six-pounders, five five-and-half inch howitzers, and six three-pounders. The French upwards of sixty pieces of cannon, most of which were eight-pounders; and, it must be observed, they were so directed towards the British, that scarcely a shot was fired at the Spaniards during the whole of the 28th.

"In taking further notice of our allies, I much wish that what I have to say of them was at all in their praise. Their numbers amounted to between thirty and forty thousand effective in the field. During the whole of the attack on the 28th (directed entirely against the British line) they remained inactive*—except a great number of them, whom I, and indeed most of the

* Feeling myself bound, as well as fully disposed, to make mention of what

the British officers, saw *running away*.——Throughout the engagement, numbers of the Spaniards were constantly disappearing. We heard of two regiments, in particular, who ran away on the evening of the 27th, frightened by the firing of their own troops on the right; and the posts from which they deserted were occupied, by command of Sir Arthur, with troops from the second line.—Piles of Spanish arms were left loaded in the field."

CELEBRATED SPORTING PRINTS.

IN our Magazine, No. 221, for February last, page 208, we announced the speedy appearance of the two celebrated Sporting Prints of the *Fox breaking Cover*, and the *Death of the Fox*; we likewise anticipated the certainty of their being executed in a most masterly style.

It was our intention to have said something of these prints ourselves, but finding the subject handled with no small degree of ability by the Editors of the Sunday Paper, the *Examiner*, we have rather chosen to select their judicious and well-written remarks in preference to offering any of our own.

MR. SCOTT'S SPORTING PRINTS.

THE extraordinary powers which united to produce the Landscapes of Woollett, created an era in landscape engraving. No man in any country or age had wielded the graver with such scientific truth, or with such universal taste and mechanical dexterity. His works issued from the press almost with the stamp of perfection. Since the time of this great master, the elder Byrne, Pouncy, Middleman, and Landseer, have contributed to sculpture out the superior national character of English landscape engraving; and the ardent admirers of that elegant art will be gratified in knowing, that one of the Calcographic members, Mr. J. Scott, has just now further embellished that character by the production of two prints of the largest size of Woollett, and whose excellence will bear me out in pronouncing equal to the best similar subjects by that celebrated engraver. They consist of two hunting pieces, engraved after beautiful paintings by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. and the late S. Gilpin, R. A. representing *the Breaking Cover*, and *the Death of the Fox*.—The first exhibits an open country spreading to an immense distance, agreeably diversified with craggy and smooth hills, lawns, trees, underwood, and a peasant's cottage embosomed in trees.—Groups of ardent sportsmen, in various and lively action, are mounted on beautiful and high-mettled steeds, who are bounding among the bushes and over the plain, after the fox, preceded by the fox-hounds. The point of time is that in which the fox has just been discovered and is darting from his pursuers, which circumstance is announced by the blowing of a horn, at whose inspiring breath the horses and hounds start forward into eager pursuit. The main group

what exceptions I saw, or even heard of, I have to name two Spanish battalions, under General Whittingham, who came forward to support the Guards; some squadrons of cavalry on our left; with General Bassecourt's division, and part of their artillery.

is distinguished by dappled, grey, and chesnut steeds, and by a huntsman who is stimulating the advance of two lagging hounds. The chiaroscuro of the piece is the forcible result of strong sunny and secondary lights breaking through a cloudy atmosphere, and presenting a lively contrast to the dusky and solemn masses of shade. The strong lights are clear and sparkling, and the deep shadows have a suitable transparency. The demi tones are varied by pleasing gradations of light and shade; the whole producing an effect powerful without harshness. Characteristic taste, and *truth*,—which indeed is the essence of taste, shine in every object, from the delicate lines which connect the sky with those of the distant horison; and from the hairy coats of the dogs and grey steed, through all the degrees of strength and boldness of line, up to the darkest and most rugged strokes on the massy trunk of a tree, and on the broken fore-ground. Nothing less than an entire mastery of his graver, and a genuine feeling for and exact conception of the different forms and surfaces of objects, could enable an engraver to execute them with so true and tasteful a portraiture, that each is recognized as the best representation of its kind. It is this truth and tasteful variety in characterizing different objects, which constitute the chief distinction between a good and an indifferent engraver. The performances of the latter are monotonous, and the lines are either too fine or too thick, or have an unmeaning direction, or are too clear and metallic, like those of Wille, or are confused and muddy. None of these defects are the least observable in this print. They are smooth or jagged, glossy, sparkling, or opaque, as nature requires they should be engraved. The graver of this admirable artist is already distinguished for its unrivalled and exquisite sculpture of animals of every description, and though they are here performed in his best style, every object in the landscape which surrounds them is as tastefully, vigorously, and appropriately represented.

The other print, after a masterly painting by Mr. Gilpin, depicts *the Death of the Fox*, and is replete with similar excellence. The strength of light is concentrated on three principal groups of dogs, that have just come up to, and are falling upon, the exhausted fox, who is turning on them in desperation. —The sportsmen and amateur will here receive the utmost gratification the sculptural art can confer in its most tasteful, animated, and faithful representation of this interesting incident.

Had the art of engraving been known to the Ancients, and had such talents as are here exhibited been displayed in Greece, they would have merited and have shared with the professors of the sister arts the high reward of public honours which the tasteful and enlightened states of Greece delighted so justly to bestow.

R. H.

THE SMOKING VENUS.

A Trial at the Stafford Lent Assizes.

ON Friday, the 5th instant, an action for defamation was tried, in which Miss Mary Grindey was plaintiff, and John ——— the defendant, who was charged with having spoken words insinuating that the lady had been somewhat too

too liberal of her favours to a person of the name of R——, in consequence of which she lost all prospect of marriage with a young man to whom she was engaged.

Mr. Jervis opened the plaintiff's case, stating the respectability of his client, and the injury done to her reputation, particularly in her prospect of marriage, by the unfounded reports made to her disadvantage by the defendant. The words were then proved, after which a witness of the name of Thomas Fallows was called, whose humorous cross-examination by Mr. Dauncey kept the Court in a roar of laughter. He said, that in October last he was at a wake, at which the plaintiff and R—— were present; and whither it appeared that the plaintiff had gone, accompanied by a tall fellow, sent to protect her virtue. In one room of the house in which they were assembled, there were cards, and in the kitchen-place dancing. The lady was seated by the fire-side in the kitchen, in conversation with a Mr. Stone. The witness addressed her, "Will you take a dance, Miss?" No, Sir (she answered), I am engaged talking to Mr. Stone about my father's affairs. 'It was a dry subject, was it not, (asked Mr. D.) and required some moisture? Did not the lady now and then wet her whistle?' 'For *sartan* she was drinking rum and water,' said Fallows. 'And puffing away too, was she not? did nothing reach her mouth but the rum and water? did not smoke issue from it?' Yes, she *had* a pipe and was smoking. 'And how long did she stay there?' She continued in the kitchen a while, and then went out, being hot. 'Oh!' said Mr. D. 'she had drank too much canary, had she, and that's a marvellous searching wine; she was hissing hot, was she?' The witness misunderstood him, and said, *kissing* hot, perhaps so. He went with her to the door to back his friend R——'s suit to her, who he thought had a mind of her, and that she would do well for him. 'What,' asked Mr. D. 'she had the coin, had she? The coriànders, perhaps, as you call them in this country? I mean a woman of property;' (witness not appearing to understand the question.) Yes, she had some property. And what became of her after she had gone to the door? She went back to supper. To supper! exclaimed Mr. D.: and so, after drinking rum and water, and smoking for hours in the kitchen, she went to supper? The witness said she returned to supper between nine and ten o'clock; that there was a large party of men and women; that he did not observe what the lady drank at supper; she was a woman of credit and fortune, and he advised R—— to pay his addresses to her. He did not see that the great man who was sent to attend the lady to the wake, was any way attentive to her.

The lady's intended *caro sposa*, George Martin, was next called, who proved that he had paid his addresses to her for *eleven or twelve years*, during the whole time she had been unkind; that the day after the wake he went to the father's house to *keep her company*, when, for the first time, she agreed to marry him at the Christmas following. That he refused to marry her on account of the words spoken by the defendant, and that he was a man worth about fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds. In cross-

ex-

examining him, Mr. D. asked if she was *Stone*-hearted then till the day after the fair? Yes, he replied, she was never in the mind till then. '.Why, man, the siege of Troy was not so long as yours (said Mr D.); the lady must have possessed some admirable qualities; perhaps you liked her *smoking ?*' he answered, that he did not care about it. 'And what stuff had she ?' He knew nothing about her stuff. 'Her age? She was tickling up to about forty, was she not?' He said that he had known her eleven years, and she was a woman grown when he knew her first. 'She is now then no chicken?' The witness replied, that she must be about thirty. It was then contended on the part of the defendant, that as the words were spoken on the morning after the wake, and there was no evidence of the lady having given her consent to marry the defendant at that time, the plaintiff should be called.—On the other hand, the plaintiff's counsel argued, that it was to be presumed, from the long courtship which the lady had allowed the defendant to make to her, that she had intended to marry him.—The learned Judge, however, directed that the cause should go to the Jury.—Mr. Dauncey then addressed the Court—he said, it was certainly rather difficult to reason about a woman's mind; but it was clear that the defendant had not obtained the lady's consent for eleven years, and that as she had never determined to marry until the evening after the words were spoken, his client was entitled to a verdict. She had been as hard as a *stone* for eleven years, and he had been all that time dropping, dropping, dropping, and they say dropping will wear out the hardest stone at last. By dint of perseverance, he had brought the "Helen of his noble thoughts" to consent to his wishes. No wonder this—for in beauty Paris was a fool to him—he was good-humoured too; and the lady had 2,000l.!—The length of the siege, and the surrender of the fortress, were therefore accounted for. This decent-looking woman, as she had been called by his learned friend, of the age of thirty, accompanied by the *great* man who was sent to protect her youth and inexperience, went to the wake, where she sat smoking in the corner, talking about her father's affairs to Mr. Stone, until she went out *hissing hot*, and after returning to supper, where she eat a little, drank a little, and smoked a little, she went home about one o'clock in the morning, and put the finale to the evening's amusement with Mr. R——. She afterwards agreed to marry this young Hercules—this beautiful youth. There might be many reasons why she had refused to marry him before. Taste was not to be accounted for—and one reason might be, that he did not like smoking, and she did: but *on the day after the fair*, on Friday night, all things were settled—he was pressing, and she was tender, and the indissoluble knot was to be tied at the Christmas following.

The learned Judge stated, that as the foundation of the action was, that at the time the words were spoken the marriage had been agreed upon, if the Jury should be of opinion that the plaintiff had not consented to it till after that time, the defendant was entitled to a verdict; and after a few minutes consideration, a verdict was found accordingly.

CAP-

CAPTAIN LANGTON AGAINST MAJOR NORTHEY.

COURT-MARTIAL,

Chelsea College, April 1.

A Court Martial, of which General Ferguson was President, and Mr. Manners Sutton, Judge Advocate, commenced on Monday, April 1, at Chelsea College, to try the following charges preferred by Captain Algernon Langton, of the 61st regiment, against Major Augustus Northey, Assistant Quarter-Master-General.

1st. That Major Northey did, on the 26th day of August, 1810, send a challenge to Captain Algernon Langton, of his Majesty's 61st, or South Gloucestershire Regiment of Foot, in consequence of the evidence which had been given by Captain Langton, before a board of General Officers, appointed to investigate Major Northey's character, which met on the 7th of August, 1810.

2d. That Major Northey, at Cheltenham, on the 11th of October, 1810, did at two different times on that day behave with insult and outrage towards Captain Langton, and did then conduct himself in a scandalous, infamous manner, such as is unbecoming the character of an Officer and a gentleman.

Captain Langton proceeded to state his charges. He wished the Court to consider, that they were those he had not voluntarily selected; that he appeared as the prosecutor at the positive injunction of the Commander in Chief. He then proceeded to state, that two years ago, at Lisbon, from certain conduct of Major Northey, that he and the other Officers of the Staff first appeared cool to him, and afterwards used to pass him in the street without noticing him.

The Judge Advocate observed, before the prosecutor proceeded farther, he wished to state his objection to the line he was proceeding in. The prisoner was cleared of all charges by a board of General Officers on the 17th of August. The only charge cognizable by the Court was the written charge before them, with which the prisoner had been served with a copy, on which he gave a copy of the witnesses to be subpœned for his defence, which took away the right to try any thing but what was in writing before them. A Court of Inquiry was only a solemn manner of inquiring whether a Court-Martial should take place or not; one not being ordered, was a sufficient reason to suppose the advisers of the Crown did not think a Court-Martial necessary.

Captain Langton then proceeded to state, that he gave evidence before a board of General Officers against Major Northey on the 16th and 17th of August. The decision of the board was made known to him on the 25th of August, acquitting Major Northey. On the evening of the same day he received a letter from Major Northey (which he admitted to be his writing), viz.

"Sir—I would have sent a friend to you this evening for an explanation of your conduct, but understanding that you would not be home until late in the evening, I postpone it until to-morrow morning."

On the morning of the 26th, he received another letter with the same signature.

"That his friend had gone out of town, but the moment he returned he would send him to wait on him."

To

To the two letters he returned a written answer.

Major Northey said, he had never received such a letter.

Captain Langton then proceeded to state the substance of that letter. He mentioned his intention of leaving town that evening by the mail; but would take care to be at home at two o'clock, to give Major Northey's friend a meeting.—He waited at home from two to half past three, without any person calling. About seven, on the evening of the same day, Captain Whitby, on the part of Major Northey, called with a note from the Major, stating, that he (Captain Langton) might have gone out of town before he would have an opportunity of explaining his sentiments.—Captain Whitby said, he was not at that moment prepared to communicate the sentiments of Major Northey, as he had but just arrived in town. He returned again at eight o'clock, with a letter to the following effect:—

"Sir—As you must be acquainted with the decision of the board of General Officers who have honourably *acquitted* me; and that Major Taddy has given you up as the author of the slander against me, which you propagated with so much industry against me, this is to inform you, that I demand satisfaction for your conduct, and am ready to meet you with a friend at any time or place you appoint."

To this letter he (Captain Langton) returned the following answer:—

"Sir—Having received your letters, I do not think myself bound to give you the meeting you desire. I stated nothing when called on by the board, that I did not express to you a year and a half before at Lisbon, when you did not notice it. The only thing left for me is to lay your letter before General Brownlow."

He then stated, that, on the 28th, he wrote another note to Major Northey, stating, that, on reflection, he would not lay it before General Brownlow, but would make a representation to the Adjutant-General. On the same day he held a conversation with the Adjutant-General, which he communicated to Major Northey by letter, and told him, that the result of that conversation was, a determination on his part not to give him the meeting he required: that he did not look upon his conduct in a more favourable light since the Court of Inquiry than he did before, and that he was welcome to pursue what measures he pleased. On the same evening, his servant delivered him a note from Major Northey, which he sent back unopened. A few days afterwards, in the country, he received a note, addressed to him in a strange hand, which he opened, and which was to the following purport:—

"I have received your note, and I despise the contents as much as I do the person who wrote it.

"Augustus Northey."

In answer to several questions put by Major Northey to the prosecutor, he said, that he did not recollect Major Taddy, before the 25th or 26th of August, had told him, that he had given him up as the author of the reports prejudicial to the character of Major Northey. He was not aware that any correspondence had passed between Major Taddy, before his arrival in town to give evidence before the Court of Inquiry. He did converse with Major Taddy before the Court sat, who might have mentioned

tioned to him *all* the circumstances which had recently taken place between him and Major Northey. Major Taddy had informed him, that Major Northey had called on him for an explanation, at Portsmouth, in July, 1810, and sent him a challenge, which he refused to answer. Major Taddy also, in several communications, stated, that he had mentioned him to Major Northey, as the author of some reports prejudicial to his character. On the 29th of July, Major Taddy wrote a letter to him, which he did not receive until two months afterwards, it having been directed to Cadiz, when he was in this country, which mentioned, that he communicated to Major Northey, that he (Captain Langton) was the author and circulator of the calumnies against him. That was about the 10th of October, 1810.—This closed the first charge.

SECOND CHARGE.

Captain Langton stated, he had not seen Major Northey from the date of his last letter in town, until the 11th of October, at Cheltenham. A message was delivered him by his servant, at the George Inn, that a gentleman wished to speak to him.—Being shewn into a room, he found a stranger, whom he since knew to be Captain Guthrie.—He said a few words respecting Major Northey, when the Major himself entered the room. He began by saying, he understood, that he (Captain Langton) continued to asperse his character. He answered quietly, but in a resolute manner, that he (Major Northey) must be aware, that he was determined never to hold any conversation with him. He was then retiring from the room, when Major Northey said, "You are a d—d scoundrel and a rascal."—He, not being possessed of more than human forbearance, was provoked to make use of a stick he had in his hand, which he broke over the shoulders of the Major, and retired from the house. Not having heard any thing of Major Northey from that time until seven o'clock in the evening, he concluded he had quitted the town.—In consequence of an alarming account of the illness of one of his family, he engaged a place in a coach, the next morning, to go to Bath.—About nine o'clock that evening, being in his room, Captain Guthrie visited him, and requested that he would allow him to read a paper, in favour of Major Northey's character, in the presence of two other persons, who were then in waiting.—He answered, he was resolved to hold no communication, directly or indirectly, with Major Northey; and assured him he was called away from Cheltenham by urgent business, no way connected with that gentleman. Captain Guthrie then left the room.—About half an hour afterwards, he went down stairs to the bar of the hotel, when Captain Guthrie again came to him, and requested that he would allow the paper to be read.—On his refusing a second time, Major Northey came towards him, surrounded by six or seven persons, and made use of some insulting and opprobrious language, which it was impossible for him to recollect precisely, but the words "coward, scoundrel, and rascal," were repeated. When he attempted to chastise this insupportable insolence, with a stick, he was prevented by the persons who surrounded Major Northey.

To several questions put by Major Northey, Captain Langton answered, that he did state to the Adjutant-

Adjutant-General, after the Board of Inquiry had closed, that he did not look on the Major in a more favourable light than before—that he thought his own fame and character involved—that he did frequently after, in conformity with that opinion, in private conversation, take the opportunity of stating all the circumstances that he had divulged before the board, and which he had repeated to Major Northey before that inquiry took place. He did not recollect of having boasted that he had prevented the marriage of Major Northey with Miss Vyse.

Question by the Court.—How long after you heard any thing injurious to the character of Major Northey, did you cease to associate with him?—A. It was my own observation, after I became acquainted with him in 1800; but, as they were only suspicions of my own, I did not think I had sufficient ground to avoid his society. I do not recollect having heard reports prejudicial to his character, until the latter end of the year 1808, at Lisbon, when they accumulated fast; when I and other Officers of the Staff became more and more cool, and at length avoided him altogether.

Q. Did you not circulate a report relative to a circumstance which took place at Guernsey, long before the year 1808?—A. I did; a circumstance which took place in the latter end of 1800 or the beginning of 1801; and it was one of the suspicious circumstances that I alluded to on our early acquaintance.

The Court was then cleared—and, on strangers being re-admitted, the two last questions and answers were ordered to be expunged.

Mr. Holmes deposed, that he was acquainted with Major Northey.—He saw both him and Captain Langton at the George hotel, Cheltenham, on the 11th of October, and it was the first day he had ever seen either of them. He accompanied Major Northey to the hotel. He saw Captain Langton come down stairs, and heard the other call to him, saying, he wanted to read a paper to him, the substance of what passed between them in the morning. Captain Langton turned about, and Major Northey then said, "I will repeat what I said in the morning—'You are a villain and a scoundrel.' You have traduced my character, and I now demand the reason you will not give me satisfaction?" Captain Langton then lifted up his stick, apparently with the intention of striking Major Northey, but was prevented by Captain Hopkins Northey and Captain Guthrie, who said there had been quite enough of that work already. Captain Langton asked, if Major Northey had informed the gentlemen what led to this *rencontre?* The witness said, he should be glad to hear from Captain Langton the circumstances. He then stated, that about a year and a half before, in Portugal, Major Northey had appropriated the property of other persons to his own use—that he (Captain Langton) had stated to a board of General Officers, that he was a *thief!* and still held the same opinion—that Major Northey called on him for satisfaction, for giving evidence before the board, which he neglected, to do when he personally stated the same charge to him in Portugal. The witness then replied, that Major Northey had told him that Captain Langton had charged him with being a thief, and

and shewed him (the witness) his honourable acquittal before the board, when the charge was investigated. He also shewed him a letter from Colonel Torrens, the Secretary of the Commander in Chief, in answer to a memorial for a Court-Martial, refusing him, on the ground that the opinion of the Court of Inquiry was sufficiently explicit to clear him of all the charges. He also took the liberty of saying, that the acquittal of the board, and the letter of the Commander in Chief, were more than sufficient to drown the voice of Captain Langton; and he could not conceive how he still persevered in calling Major Northey "a thief!"

Question by the Court.—How was the witness induced to accompany Major Northey to the George Hotel, when that was the first day he had ever seen him?—A. He expected the question, and would solve it. His niece was married to Captain Hopkins Northey, who was a relation of the Major. The Captain's family were to have dined with him on that day, on the morning of which Captain Northey introduced him to the Major and Captain Guthrie. In course of conversation, Major Northey told him of the circumstances, shewed him his acquittal by the board, the letter from the Commander in Chief, and also stated his marriage with Miss Vyse having been broken off by the calumnies of Captain Langton. About nine o'clock at night, a neighbour of his (Mr. Cox) called on him, and said, that he had a gentleman dining with him, of whom another gentleman at the George hotel had boasted, that he had broken his stick over his head, and that he was going to leave town on the following morning. He (the witness) considered it to be the duty of Major Northey to immediately do away with this report, on which account he attended him.

Q. How did Major Northey conduct himself after the assertions made by Captain Langton?—A. He retired into another room, and the witness followed him.—Adjourned.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MAGICAL WHIP,

OR,

CHARACTERS ON THE ROAD.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THOUGH I have not the honour to boast of a fraternity with the illustrious members of the Whip Club, yet I think I can claim a distinguished pre-eminence in *lashing*, by the exercise of the whip, which I find for conveniency, secrecy, and efficacy, equal to the best conjuring cap, necromancer's ring, or enchanter's rod, of them all. When I am travelling, I often, by the waving of my whip, amuse myself with taking off the shell, or external covering, from passengers I encounter on the road, and peeping at the soul, as she is busied in raising the bulwarks of character and appearances, with a view to entrench herself with snugger security, in her favourite vices and follies, which lay behind them.

The other day, as I was taking my morning ride in the environs of the western part of the metropolis, it was my lot to be in a *metamorphosical* humour, which determined me to put the privilege I possess in

in full force just as I met a chariot, in which was seated a lady: when carelessly waving my whip, I discovered this lady had, upon a superficial view, a very venerable appearance. And I was tempted to imagine, that she might be some happy devotee, who having made a voluntary resignation of her place in the gay circle of youth to her granddaughters, had bid adieu to the vanities of life, and by a regular attendance upon morning and evening prayers, making cordials, elixirs, and plasters, for the sick and wounded, with other acts of charity, was laying up as large a stock of good works, as her remnant of time would allow.

But I am sorry to say that my horse-whip, in this instance, proved an enemy to charity. It discovered to me, that though she affected a placid dignity of countenance, yet this was no other than a *mask* to the deformed features of her character; which were composed of coquetish vanity, supercilious pride, and waspish chagrin. Her dress was fantastically young, and her delicate bosom, which she graciously exhibited to every passenger, *sans ceremonie*, struck me, (who am a professed lover of antiquity,) with the veneration with which I should contemplate a *drum*, that had served many a campaign in the *Marlborough* wars. A prayer-book, with a treatise on the preservation of beauty, lay on one side of the seat, and a bottle of Circassian water on the other, a knotting shuttle was in her hand, and a pocket looking-glass lay upon her lap. This she frequently took up and laid down, with a strange mixture of complacency and petulance.—The case was, vanity pointed out some remains of a fine face, but truth discovered scenes she did not wish to know. She saw, and she saw with the deepest compunction, that the hoary hand of time had long been busied in scattering a winter's frost over her auburn hair; she felt, and she felt with anguish, his rough chissel tracing furrows in her brow. She had often attempted, indeed, to interrupt the old gentleman in his work, and she vainly imagined that, by the assistance of pastes, powders, combs, lotions, and perfumes, she had counteracted his rude attempts, or blunted the edge of his tools; while in fact, she was only allowing him an opportunity to sharpen them the more. Often did she endeavour, by languishing accents, and practised smiles, to entice back the departing cupids to lie in ambush in her locks, or shoot their arrows from behind her wrinkles. Furies were eager to occupy the post, those young urchins found no longer tenable.

Perhaps I had taken her at a disadvantage; a late bad run of play might have contributed its share towards the discomposure which I saw predominant in her countenance. The morning's employment has been to deposit her plate until the return of the next quarterage, with a pawn-broker of eminence (frequently employed by the nobility), in order to defray the expences of a brilliant rout; in which she was honoured with the company of persons of the first distinction. But as no one can be completely happy in this chequered state, this worthy personage hath also her misfortunes; for notwithstanding every effort to display her taste and magnificence, she was totally eclipsed the succeeding evening by a lady she is known to despise, and has often made the subject of her ridicule upon the account

count of the inferiority of her rank and fortune.

The thoughts of the charioteer were entirely occupied about having his horses properly trimmed against the next assembly night; and if his mistress will please to pay him his wages, which have been due these two months, he intends to buy himself a pair of new boots upon the occasion. And he pleases himself with the thoughts, that these, in conjunction with a new pair of buckskin breeches, will enable him to cut as brilliant a figure among the gentlemen of the stable as his mistress in rivalling all the *belles* in the ball-room.

The driver of a West-country waggon next engaged my attention. This man, quoth I, is condemned to quit his midnight slumbers, and slowly to pace the dark and solitary road, even in the most inclement seasons; and that, perhaps, to gain a sorry pittance for a wife and numerous family; while his happy master is doubtless enjoying and enriching himself at home, by means of the hardships and fidelity of this, his servant.—As I approached towards him, I heard him cheerfully carolling to his team. Upon my slightly touching the hem of his frock with the lash of my whip, I found that a winter's great coat, with an oil-skinned hat and a morning dram, were sufficient barriers against rain and pinching frosts;—that early rising, was by habit rendered a pleasure—that his gains, though small, were sure; and that his only solicitude was to drive the horses with safety on the road, and take care of them at the inns.

But the proprietor is by no means an object of envy. Though the warm downy bed yields to his limbs, and he can hear the winds whistle round him, sheltered from their rough blasts, yet anxious cares banish sleep from his eyes. Twice has he, partly by misfortunes and partly by imprudences, become a bankrupt, and he is now upon the brink of inevitable destruction.

I then touched with my mystic instrument the carriage of a *man of quality*; he sat musing and pensive in one corner of the coach.—Doubtless here is some scheme on the carpet for the public good, thought I. He is devising some project to pay off the *national* debt.—No; it is simply to lesson *his own*, and stop the clamours of his numerous creditors. He has lately sold two country seats and mortgaged a third, to get rid of importunate visitors. This would have given him a little respite, had it not been for an unlucky opposition he met with in a Borough; where the vain ambition of bringing in his man, has not only exposed him to the mortification of losing his cause, but has thrown him again very considerably in arrears. He is now contriving a new *vista* through some woods, to answer his immediate wants. The difficulty is, to conceal the motive, for he has made so many openings and intersections to defray his exigencies after a run of ill luck at the gaming-table, or at Newmarket, that the sound of the axe is already become the jest of the neighbourhood.

As to his postillion, hilarity maintained her seat upon his countenance, nor did she so much as flinch, at the briskest flourishes of my soul-searching instrument.

The next personage that passed me on the road was a venerable Pontiff, well mounted upon a proud steed, with a footman behind him. He holds a vicarage of 500l. *per ann.* presented to him some years ago

ago by a young nobleman, to whom he had been travelling tutor; as the tutor was a man of discretion, he knew when to accompany his charge, and when to stay at the inn, and leave his pupil to pursue his own enquiries; and the pupil being a man of gratitude, has rewarded his fidelity with the above living. The other day a second living of about 300*l. per ann.* became vacant, and thinking it might enable him to do more good in his day and generation, our pious divine rode up to town with the utmost expedition, to solicit the gift of it from his quondam patron.

But, unfortunately, the living was engaged long before the death of the incumbent, to a noble Lord; from whom the patron expects considerable preferment in the state! and this noble Lord has already given it to the brother of his mistress, who has just taken holy orders.

Our clergyman is moralising upon the various disappointments the children of God meet with in their journey through the wilderness.—But to alleviate his affliction as much as may be, which is allowed to every man, provided only he makes use of *lawful* measures, he has formed the worthy resolution of raising his tythes amongst his dear parishioners, upon his return to the cure of souls.

"Take care, young gentlemen, don't ride over me."

"Get out of the way then, and be d—d to you, Mr. Sobersides."

"Very well, Sirs," says I, "I have my revenge," and smack'd my whip.

One of these gay sparks, I found to be the son of honest country parents. The extravagance of this hopeful youth, had soon exhausted the little store their industry had been long in collecting. He has lost, by his folly and inattention to business, several favourable opportunities of advancing himself in the world; and his only immediate prospect is going to the East Indies, in the capacity of a common soldier, to avoid some disagreeable enquiries.

The other is a clerk in a counting-house. He has this morning robbed his master's desk, to join a jovial party at a little distance from town.

"Humanity cast a veil over his future lot."

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKETCH OF A CANTAB COLLEGIAN.

THE life of a dashing Cambridge student is rather enviable for its independence than felicity.—About half past nine he rises with the devil of a head-ache; at half past ten, if he do not think proper to pass the lecture-room window in his shooting jacket, he cannot refrain at least from sporting his great coat, and hiring a hack at Barron's, which he gallops a short way on the Trumpington road, that if any of the old dons be taking their morning walk, they may admire his spirit, and wonder at his agility. About one he moves off to Lichfield's, and after eating as much pastry as would satisfy a dozen Bond-street loungers, returns to his rooms, and contrives by four o'clock to arrange his cravat; after dinner he either has a wine-party, and gets hellishly cut, or sets off in a tandem to Bolshom. In the former case, he staggers out about half an hour before the gates are shut, rambles about the streets in search of a piece, kicks up

up a row with the townsmen, rushes into Frank Smith's Coffee-house; tells a long story about his father's dogs, in a tone so loud that all conversation is at an end; meets with two or three friends, as much done over as himself, who pay a visit to Simeon, and blow up the whole congregation; break half a dozen lamps, wrench off half a dozen knockers, and stagger into college just in time to escape the penalty of sleeping out of gates.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF STRENGTH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

MR. Pennant, in his tour in Wales, gives an account of an heroine by the name of Margaret Uch Evans, a celebrated huntress, who resided at Pen Llyn, in Caernarvonshire. She is said to have killed two hundred foxes, besides a vast number of other noxious animals, and destructive vermin. She was a robust, masculine woman, and so strong, that no man cared to try a fall with her; she died about ten years ago, unmarried, at the age of ninety-four.

A similar instance of a person endued with prodigious strength, occurred at the same time, in the same parish: though he has not had a Mr. Pennant for a biographer, he claims attention; as the circumstance tends to prove that the inhabitants of this alpine tract are a very hardy race, and though not in general above the middle stature, are possessed of uncommon bodily strength.

Foulke Jones, who lived at Tydu, was noted for his prodigious strength. The esteemed champion of Wales, for boxing, wrestling, &c. came to see him from Denbighshire, for the sole purpose of trying their relative strength.—When the stranger arrived, Foulke was mowing in the field, near to his house. The stranger went up to him, and inquired if he knew one Foulke, not supposing from his size and appearance, this could be the person he sought. Foulke answered that his master was in the house, or not far distant, at the same time begged to know what his business was? I have heard, the stranger replied, that he is accounted the strongest man in the principality, and am come to try our strength together. If that be all, Foulke observed, I can soon inform you whether it be worth your while to see my master, for I am a tolerably strong man myself, but *nothing* in his hands; as I have often experienced to my cost, when I have had the rashness to contend with him; therefore I would have you try what you can do with me first. They immediately engaged, when Foulke by his superior strength flung his antagonist over a high wall into the road. Fully satisfied, he exclaimed, if this be the *man*, what must the master be! and mounting his horse rode home, fully convinced of his superiority.

Another anecdote is told, that evinced his peaceable disposition as well as his uncommon strength. A troublesome fellow at Caernarvon wished to irritate Foulke to fight; who begged he would cease, as he had no desire to quarrel, far less to fight with any man. At length he grew so impudent, and grossly insulting, that he struck Foulke in the face; his ire thus justly roused, he took him by the neck, and lifted him over the battlements of the bridge

bridge on which they stood, suspending him over the water, the aggressor crying most loudly for mercy.' Having held him in this unpleasant situation for some time, he lifted him back again, and dismissed him with an ignominious kick on the seat of honour.

Many are the feats of strength he performed; such as taking a cow upon his back, and bearing it home, carrying a tree he had felled, which seven other men were unable to perform, &c. &c.

From every account he seems to have been a more extraordinary person than Margaret Evans; but while she was noticed by several writers, Foulke has only been celebrated in the tradition of his neighbourhood. He died about seven years ago, at the age of seventy-five.—Yours, &c.

J. J. B.

POPULAR SPORTS OF THE WELSH.

THE early Britons were fond of the sports of the field, and the game dogs of Britain, Strabo says, were highly esteemed by the Romans. Though Cæsar observes that the Druidical religion forbade the eating of hare's flesh, yet it does not follow, that this animal was not included, among others, obnoxious to the chase. It is at present a most favourite amusement, and the sound of the horn is much more frequently heard than the ploughman's whistle. From the nature of the country but few horsemen attend a hunt: frequently the gentlemen with the huntsmen are dismounted; and numbers on foot climb some neighbouring eminence, whence from the circumvolutions made by the poor animal, when worried by the dogs, they advantageously see what they consider the best of the sport.—Others with hunting poles in their hands, more fleet of foot, will follow the dogs, leaping brooks and bogs with surprising agility; and from judgment and celerity, are not unfrequently in at the death.

During the establishment of the Romans in Britain, it does not appear that any restrictive laws respecting game were promulgated by that people. In their early jurisprudence, it was an established maxim, to invest the right of such things as were *feræ naturæ* with the first possessor. From the silence of ancient historians upon this subject, it is probable, the Britons were left at liberty to exercise their ancient rights and privileges. The game laws are still looked upon as unreasonable restraints on their liberty, nor are they much put in force in the interior of the country.

Cocking, as it is termed, or fighting cocks regularly trained for the purpose, is another popular diversion; and, perhaps, this has tended to produce the very large breed of fowls in many parts of the country. This sport, derived from the Romans, and encouraged by several English Monarchs, is often conducted in Wales in a manner which greatly enhances its cruelty: It is termed the *Welsh main*, and doubtless arose from that determined and irrestrainable spirit with which the Welsh enter into every kind of combat. It consists of so many pair of cocks, suppose sixteen, which fight with each other until one half of them are killed; the sixteen conquerors are pitted a second time, in like manner, and half are slain, the eight survivors a third

third time, the four, a fourth time, and the remaining two, a fifth time; so that thirty-one cocks are sure to be inhumanly murdered for the sport of the spectators!

From the number of rings observable in the different towns and villages, bull-baiting has also been a favourite diversion; but this barbarous pastime is justly growing fast into disuse.

Otter-hunting in the neighbourhood of the lakes and rivers, furnishes considerable sport during the winter season; and a variety of other amusements in common with England, tend to divert the mind from ennui and melancholy.

NEW SOUTH WALES SPORTING.

OUR sporting friends will no doubt receive considerable amusement in the perusal of the following account of Sydney races, which, with the subsequent remarks, &c. on the sport, are extracted from the New South Wales Gazette, transmitted to us by a sporting friend and magistrate of the colony, to whom we have been indebted for several former communications.

SYDNEY RACES.

Monday, 15th October, 1810. *First Day.*—A plate, value 50 guineas, given by the subscribers to the Sydney race-course, for horses of all ages belonging to subscribers. The best of three 2-mile heats. 2-yr-olds to carry 6st. 2lb. 3-yr-olds 6st. 12lb. 4-yr-olds 8st. 5-yr-olds 8st. 8lb. 6-yr-olds 8st. 12lb. and aged 9st.

Capt. Richie's gr. g. Chase, 6 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Williams's r. g. Strawberry, 5 yrs old 2 2
Major Cleaveland's ch. g. Ratler, 3 yrs old 4 3
Captain Cameron's b. g. Hyderabad, 5 yrs old . . . . 2 dr.
Capt. Glenholme's gr. g. Bryan-boroo, 3 yrs old . . . . . . dis.
Mr. Bent's gr. g. Billy, 5 yrs old . . . . dis.

A well-contested race between Chase and Strawberry.

Major Cleaveland's Ratler fell lame.

Mr. Wentworth's b. g. Gig, 8st. 12lb. beat Mr. Broughton's bl. g. Jerry, 8st. 2lb. 3 miles, 60gs.—Gig won easy.

Wednesday, 17th October, Second Day.—A cup, value 50 guineas, given by the ladies of the colony, for horses of all ages belonging to subscribers to the Sydney race-course. The best of 3 2-mile heats. Three-yr-olds to carry 7st. 4lb. 4-yr-olds 8st. 12lb. 6-yr-olds 9st. 2lb. and aged 10st.

Capt. Richie's gr. g. Chase, 6 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Williams's r. g. Strawberry, 5 yrs old 3 2 2
Mr. Lord's b. g. Tipsy, 2 yrs old 1 3 3
Captain Piper's ch. m. Miss Kitty, aged 5 4 4
Mr. Oven's ch. m. Bessy, 2 yrs old . . . . 2 4 dr
Colonel O'Connell's bl. g. Carlo, 2 yrs old . . . . 6 dr

A good race between Chase and Strawberry the last two heats.

Mr. Wentworth's b. g. Gig, rode by Mr. Bayly, beat Mr. Broughton's bl. g. Jerry, rode by Captain Richie, 3 miles, 40gs.—Gig won easy.

Friday, 19th October, Third Day.—A purse, value 50 guineas, given by the magistrates of the colony, free for all horses, (with the exception of the winner of the plate and cup) the best of three 2-mile

2-mile heats; 2-yr-olds to carry 6st. 2lb. 3-yr-olds 7st. 4lb. 4-yr-olds 8st. 5-yr-olds 8st. 8lb. 6-yr-olds 8st. 12lb. and aged 9st.

Mr. Benn's bl. h. Scratch, aged 1 1
Mr. L. May's ch. g. Tickle Toby, 6 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Williams's r. g. Strawberry, 5 yrs old .... 3 dr.
Mr. Underwood's b. m. 6 yrs old .... 4 dr.
Mr. Wentworth's b. g. Gig, 5 yrs old .... fell.
Capt. Ritchie's r. g. Yorick, 5 yrs old .... dis.

Mr. Wentworth's b. g. Gig, rode by Mr. Wentworth, jun. beat Mr. Broughton's bl. g. Jerry, rode by the owner; 3 miles, 20gs. play or pay.—Gig won in a canter.

The ladies' cup, which was of very superior workmanship, won by Chase, was presented to Capt. Ritchie by Mrs. Macquarrie; who, accompanied by his Excellency, honoured each day's races with her presence, and who, with her usual affability, was pleased to preface the donation with the following short address:—

"In the name of the ladies of New South Wales, I have the pleasure to present you with this cup. Give me leave to congratulate you on being the successful candidate for it: and to hope that it is a prelude to future success, and lasting prosperity."

Besides the above, several other matches were run during the week. At the close of the second day four backs ran for a saddle and bridle given by the subscribers, the best of two three-mile heats, and won by Boshy.

The third day Mr. James Cox's ch. poney, ran against Mr. Birch's ch. m. once round, both rode by the owners. A very fine contest; won by Mr. Cox.

And afterwards Boshy's hack ran against G. Guest's, a 3-mile heat, for 10 guineas.—A good match, won by Boshy.

The fall received by Mr. Wentworth's gr. g. Gig, in the first heat on the last day, was occasioned by a dog crossing the course. The rider (Fisher) was too much hurt to recover himself in time to remount, but the horse was not much injured by his fall.

A similar accident had nearly befallen Mr. Benn's Scratch, the second heat, being so much startled by a dog as to fly off, and run considerably out of his track; which was however attended with no bad consequence, being far a-head of his antagonist.

The Subscribers' Ball on Tuesday and Thursday night was honoured with the presence of his Excellency the Governor and his lady; his honour the Lieut.-Governor and lady; the Judge Advocate and lady; the magistrates, and other officers civil and military, and all the beauty and fashion of the colony. Over the door of the ball-room a transparency was placed, of the royal arms of the united kingdoms; the full band of the 73d played off "God save the King" in exquisite style, and between the country dances filled the room with other melodious and appropriate airs. The business of the meeting could not fail of diffusing a universal glow of satisfaction—the celebration of the first liberal amusement instituted in the colony, and in the presence of its patron and founder. The ball-room was occupied till about two o'clock; when part of the company retired, and those that chose to

to remain formed into a supper party. After the cloth was removed, the rosy deity asserted his pre-eminence, and with the zealous aid of Momus and Apollo chased pale Cynthia down into the western world.—The blazing orb of day announced his near approach; and the god of the chariot reluctantly forsook his company; Bacchus drooped his head, and Momus could no longer animate. The *bon vivants* no longer relishing the tired heathens, broke up, and left them to themselves.

The dinners at Mr. Wills's, George-street, were attended by many of the subscribers and their friends, who did not separate till late each night of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. After dinner many loyal toasts were drank, and in the evening mirth and good humour floated round the board; and upon the last evening, Mr. Williams, one of the stewards, sung a song, prepared for the festive occasion (*which see in our Poetical department*).

The satisfaction universally produced by the equestrian amusements of the week, was visible in all countenances. Parramatta, Prospect, Seven Hills, and Hawkesbury, up even to the Nepean, contributed to crowd the scene; and the earnest acclamations that accompanied every well-contended heat, was an ample demonstration of the potent influence that superior merit and exertion have over the human mind. Entertainments were given all over the town, to welcome our country friends to our first *jubilee*; and as a great number had come from Hawkesbury, where the fortunate Scratch had long been a favourite, he was honoured with the *fraternal* embrace from most of his old acquaintance, who marshalled him up in a humourous procession to the sign of the York Races; being placed with much formality beneath which, copious libations were made to his future prosperity and success; and the week went as merrily round as pleasure without abatement possibly could make it.

At the races the horses ran in much better style than could have been expected, all circumstances considered; for until the sports were announced only common care had been bestowed on them, while the impossibility of procuring light riders for the young horses was a disadvantage, some carrying from 1 to 2st. above the standard.

Several foot races were run on the course; one of which excited much pleasantry. It was a match for 20gs. made by Dicky Dowling, to carry 14st. on his back, fifty yards, before his antagonist, a young active man, should run backwards and forwards the same ground, making 100 yards. Dowling won, but had not a foot to spare; and it was generally concluded that his opponent lost considerably more than the ground he was beat by, in turning round to double the 50 yards.

The amateurs of cocking were on the bye days amused with their favourite sport, at a house in the vicinity of the park. A number of good battles were fought, and the pit was crowded each day. On Thursday, a main of seven was fought by two gentlemen for a sum said to be considerable; bye bets very high, four survivors upon one side.

The whole of the sports were conducted with the utmost regularity and good order; and the concourse of spectators formed by far the most numerous assemblage of persons ever before collected in the colony.

Malgré

TERRIER and RABBIT.

Pub. March 1st 1811. by J. Wheble. Warwick Square, London.

Malgré the repeated orders that have been published requiring dogs to be kept up, so as to prevent their annoyance to passengers through the streets, yet these canine gentry traverse as usual, and attack whom they please—and what is no less strange, those who have half-a-dozen dogs breathing perpetual vengeance against every inoffensive child, or any body else whose looks they do not approve, are yet as liable to feel and complain of a bite as other people. An attack made upon a child a few days ago, opposite the house of Jenny Muckall, in Phillip-street, gives rise to these remarks: and if we consider for a moment the dangers to which persons on horseback are exposed, by the ferocity of many dogs that are suffered to run loose, no doubt can exist that the public would benefit by their consideration, and that either they would keep no dogs at all, or keep those that are needful to the protection of their premises secured.

TERRIER AND RABBIT.

THIS Etching, by Mr. Howitt, is another of the series, of which several have already been submitted to the approbation of our readers.

PUGILISM.

ON the first appearance, about the year 1796, of Mr. Lawrence's Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, and on the Moral Duties of Man towards the Brute Creation, (a didactic work, abounding in great variety of instructive and amusing topics) we made a considerable number of extracts. We return to it now, on the fashionable subject of Pugilism, Mr. Lawrence's recommendation of which to the French, seems to have been acted upon, but without success, by several adventurers from our English school. The famous General Junot, Duke of Abrantes, and a few French officers, are said to be the only converts to the English pugilistic system. We have made the following extracts from 'The Philosophy of Sports,' vol. i. p. 205, and shall continue the subject to its conclusion, pa. 507. vol. ii. third edition.

"The noble old English custom of fighting with those natural weapons, the fists, now fashionably styled PUGILISM, stands with me in the same predicament as the last subject, namely, it has no immediate relation to our treatment of brute animals; but the reader will find, by what follows, that boxing is a theme which I should very reluctantly have passed unnoticed. On its principle not a word need be said, that being perfectly unexceptionable, at least on this side the millennium, when the saints will, in truth, have infinitely more agreeable recreation, and when the chaunting three or four staves of a spiritual song, will be held a far superior gratification to the receiving as many sound douces on the chaps in a sparring match. The practice of English boxing is equally unexceptionable with the principle, being so strictly consonant with the rules of justice and morality, as to form one of the greatest glories of the country. I know not whether it be committing myself to say, that an English blackguard learns more humanity and good morals, in seeing a regular boxing match, than it is probable

probable he would, in hearing five dozen of sermons. The appointment of umpires and seconds, the shaking of hands previous to the set-to, as much as to say, we mean to contend fairly, and like men; the general solicitude and caution in the spectators, that perfect equity take place between the contending parties, that no foul blow be struck, and that the fallen and the vanquished be protected; and lastly, the parting salute, when the conqueror seems generously to have divested himself of the haughtiness of triumph, the conquered to have resigned, with a natural and manly submission; and both to have disburthened their hearts of all malice, or appetite of revenge—is, upon the whole, and in all its parts, so excellent a practical system of ethics as no other country can boast, and has chiefly contributed to form the characteristic humanity of the English nation.

"It is a common remark, that English horses and dogs degenerate in foreign countries: without troubling myself to examine that particular, I shall readily assent to the position, as it regards Englishmen; how else are we to account for the unnatural lust of the American and West-Indian English, for enslaving their fellow men? Or how, for the savage and unmanly method of boxing practised by the Virginians, who are said to allow no man to be a good bit of mutton, unless he can *gouge, bellucise,* and *bite!* In plain English, their combatants are permitted to thrust at their antagonists' eyes with the thumbs; and some are so expert at that bestial manœuvre, as to turn an eye clean out of the socket, and even to lacerate and wound those sacred parts, against which their prototypes, the Hebrew women of antiquity, in their rage, had such mortal spite.

"If I recollect aright, I first gathered the well-known idea, that the tender-heartedness and aversion from assassination and blood of the English populace, was to be attributed, in a great measure, to the practice of boxing, from the letters in Italy of the sensible and judicious Sharpe. Does a true English blackguard take it into his wise head that you have put an unpardonable affront upon him, the utmost that you have to dread from his resentment, be you native or foreigner, is a pair of handsome black eyes, a bloody nose, and half a score lovely contusions, which may bring you into great credit with your surgeon, as a good patient; but should the fellow, in the hurry of the fray, tip you the semblance of a quietus, a thousand to one but the sensibility of his soul, excited by your fallen state, drown all ideas of vengeance, and that he himself shall be first to lift you up, and carry you to a place of safety. The naval officers especially, have all the reason in the world to join with me in commendation of the illustrious humanity of our poor countrymen; and if the names of certain of them had appeared in a petition for mercy, on a late melancholy occasion, it had redounded more to their honour, than the taking or sinking a hostile fleet.

"The lower people of England want nothing but instruction to make them the most valuable and peaceable citizens in the world. What a sad reverse to look to the continent! Should you offend a Dutchman, you will have reason to bless your good luck and your agility, if you do not feel the whole length of his enormous bread and cheese

cheese knife in your entrails. In Spain and Italy, the case is still more dreadful; there you may have the spado or the stiletto whipped through your loins, and yet be utterly unconscious of the offence you have given, or whom you have offended. At Genoa, says Mr. Gray, one hundred and fifty assassinations are committed yearly, and chiefly among the lower classes; an assassin being sure to escape, who can make interest with a noble, or raise one hundred and fifty livres. At Naples, Dr. Owen informs us, five thousand persons perished in one year by the bloody hand of assassination. A conference is said to have been lately held with his Neapolitan Majesty upon the subject, and the necessity of punishing the assassin with death strongly contended for. His Majesty begged leave to differ from his learned advisers on the propriety of this step; 'for at present,' said the monarch, 'I lose five thousand of my subjects by assassination; if, therefore, I were to put to death every assassin, I should lose double the number.'

(To be continued.)

COCKING VINDICATED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Have lately been several times in company with people, who have generally, among other chat, introduced a discourse on cockfighting, the practice of which they condemned, as cruel, unmanly, and even wicked. It being a sport I am a little attached to, I could not prevent myself from saying a few words in its defence, and all the rhetoric I was master of, I employed on the occasion, but to no purpose; talking in defence of a practice to people that are prejudiced against it, is similar to pouring water in a sieve; I therefore determined (with your permission) to give them an answer on the subject, through the medium of your publication.

The practice of cocking, in the first place, is charged with cruelty; that charge I am not able to confute; but let me ask what there is, that comes under the denomination of sport, that is not cruel? Go to the race-course, and you will there see cruelty in its brightest colours, sitting proudly astride the noblest animals in the universe. There are many that shrink at the idea of a cock-match, who are in raptures while following a pack of hounds, in pursuit of a poor innocent hare; with what joy do they give the view-halloo, when they see the poor little animal nearly spent, within a short distance of its merciless pursuers! When they see the poor trembling victim in the jaws of death, they urge their horses to increase their speed, in order that they may be a witness to its expiring pangs: its mangled remains are then held up with shouts of triumph, as though the animal they killed was no way inferior in ferocity to the Caledonian boar.

All other sports of the field, such as shooting, coursing, &c. are also attended with cruelty little inferior to cocking. The fair sex have also given all the aid in their power to execrate the practice; in return, I will say a few words on a very favourite amusement of theirs, which is angling. A beautiful morning in May is selected, when Miss, in general attended by her lover, or if Mistress, by her trusty

trusty servant John, proceed to the banks of the river. There arrived, the instruments of torture are produced and put in order; a poor worm is then taken from its mossy bed, which (as if conscious of the fate that awaited it) tries all its endeavours to escape from the fingers of its murderer. Without the least remorse, the poor, helpless victim is impaled upon the hook; the agony it undergoes may easily be conceived, by its painful writhings: to add to its pangs, it is then pinched off near the point of the hook, and cast into the water. The eye is then immovably fixed on the floating cock; lo, it sinks! the line with rapture is then drawn up, with a fish struggling upon the hook; upon examination, it is found that the fish has so far swallowed the hook, as to render it impossible to be extricated without opening it; a knife, carried for the purpose, is then produced, and the poor fish, while in the pangs of death, is ripped open, and the hook, accompanied in general with the entrails, torn away!

There are many ladies, Mr. Editor, and some gentlemen, (but the latter are chiefly those who belong to the doubtful gender) that can scarcely hear the bare mention of a cockspur without being in danger of hysterics; but can view the bloody scene above described with all the composure imaginable.

The next accusation, is that of its being unmanly; in my opinion it is quite the reverse: a game cock is the exact emblem of a hero; the moment he meets his foe, he is determined to conquer or die. An instance of its effect on an army of soldiers, is still to be seen in one of the Numbers of your work, entitled, I think, the origin of cock-fighting.

The last charge, is that of its being wicked. I ask those that think so, for what purpose game fowls were created? our tables are sufficiently supplied with dunghill ones; the difference in the nature of the birds plainly shews, they are of a different species. The greyhound, pointer, spaniel, &c. are endowed by nature with a different property, and undoubtedly were created for the recreation of man; and I see no reason why the game cock should not be considered in the same light. In short, if cock-fighting is wicked on account of its cruelty, I know no sport that is innocent. This, Sir, at present, is all I shall say on the subject.—The eye that looks this over will, I hope, with good nature pass over its defects—it is but little I am indebted to the polishing hand of education.

> "For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
> They have had employment in the furrow'd field."

With every good wish for the success of your entertaining publication, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A Farmer.

March 31, 1811.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

At a grand Pigeon Match in Wiltshire, during the present month, betwixt Capt. Hicks, and the gamekeeper of Mr. Maurice, the parties excelled in science any sportsmen of this description on record. The match was at fifteen birds, 21 yards, for two hundred guineas, and astonishing to state, each bagged the whole. In shooting off the ties, Capt. Hicks missed his sixth bird, and lost the match.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE principal hunts of Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Surrey, &c. broke up the middle of this month, and various strings of hunters have been passing the great roads on their way home, to be soiled or turned out. Lord Derby's passed through Oxford, on Saturday, the 20th, on their way down to Knowsley Park, in Leicestershire.

On Tuesday, the 16th, the annual Easter Plate was run for on Barham Downs, and won in good style by Mr. Howard's chesnut horse Deceiver, beating Mr. Collard's bay horse Tom Boy.

Lord Sackville's horse Pan, is matched against Lord Oxford's Victoria, at the first Newmarket Spring Meeting, for two hundred guineas.

At Newmarket, on the 17th instant, Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine, by Woodpecker, was put up by auction, and bought in at 780gs.

On Wednesday, the 29th ult. died, in Earl Grosvenor's stud, at Eaton, near Chester, that highbred and valuable stallion, Alexander, who was foaled in 1782, and own brother to Xantippe, Corkscrew, Poor Soldier, and Don Quixote, by Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, by Mr. Williams's Forester, a son of Mr. Croft's Old Forester. Alexander covered few mares, except his owner's, but was sire of Duchess, Cheerful, Haut-Pas, Plaistow, Kitty-cut-a-Dash, Antæus, Nike, Alexander the Great, Babylon, Bloodstick, Fair Forester, Pyrrhus, Fieldfare, Tityrus, Bucephalus, Berenice, Benvolio, Julius Cæsar, Cowslip, Hephestion, &c. He also got the dam of the speedy horses, Castrel, Selim, and Rubens. Xantippe was the dam of John Bull; and Don Quixote was the sire of Sancho, Miss Coiner, Artichoke, Cervantes, Whitenose, Cock-Robin, Levant, &c. &c.

A Hint to Sportsmen.—Persons shooting should be careful not to use paper in which sand or sugar has been wrapped, as several instances have been known of the bursting of guns where such paper has been used.

We are concerned to relate that Sir James Pulteney, while shooting in the neighbourhood of Buckingham, on Saturday, the 20th, in firing his gun, had his right eye blown out; his life is not considered in danger. The jealousy of a master gunsmith, has induced him to attribute the above accident to a new-invented lock not being in proper order. A paragraph has, however, since appeared in the newspapers, in the following words, by way of answer:—" The accident which we yesterday stated to have occurred to Sir James Pulteney, by the new-invented lock, from further information, we understand to have arisen from the powder-

powder-flask taking fire, and not from an explosion from the lock. —*Morn. Post.*

A MELANCHOLY accident befel the son of Mr. Cockerell, of Panton-place, Newington-road, on Thursday, the 11th, whilst amusing himself in company with a relation of the name of Hobbs, at shooting small birds. Whilst the latter was ascending a bank to get a fire, his piece went off at half-cock, and lodged the contents in Cockerell's body, who died immediately.

THE following sad accident occurred lately at Stanmer, Sussex. As the Earl of Chichester's groom was riding a spirited and valuable horse belonging to his Lordship, the animal ran away with him, and by getting foul of a barn, in his furious career, was killed on the spot. The rider was thrown with great violence, and so much hurt, that he languished nine days, and then expired.

MR. Milton, the horse-dealer, has engaged to drive four blood-horses, in a *chaise-marine*, fifteen miles in forty-eight minutes, a period of four minutes and a half less time than the celebrated match undertaken by Mr. Sheward. The race will be attempted about the middle of next month; the road is not as yet fixed upon. A great deal of betting has already taken place; one bet is 100 guineas to 1000, that Milton performs his task in forty-five minutes. The deposit has been paid down; the wager is for 1000 guineas a side. All the sporting gentlemen from Melton Mowbray and Yorkshire are expected in town to attend the charioteering feat.

ON Monday, the 15th instant, a match of cricket was played on Twyford Down, near Winchester, between eleven of the Loyal Winchester Volunteers, and eleven inhabitants of that city and suburbs, which terminated in favour of the former, the state of the game at the close standing thus:—Volunteers, at one innings, 150 runs—Citizens at both innings, 93.—The day proving very fine, there were a great number of spectators present.

MOLINEUX, the sturdy Black, followed his successful adversary Crib, in soliciting the aid of the amateurs of boxing, by calling a benefit at the Fives-Court, St. Martin's-street, the beginning of the month, which was crowded in a manner never before witnessed, eight hundred persons at least, consisting of nobles, gentry, and commoners, having attended. The exhibitions kept pace with the patronage on the occasion. Molineux set-to alternately with Pitton, Young Belcher, and Burn, and none of those professors (the two former of which are of first rate) were able to make any impression on him. He has so far improved as to become formidable with the gloves, and as he always had the gift of hitting and quickness, so he has nearly reached perfection in stopping. With the exception of two inferior sets-to, the exhibitions were superior to what the amateurs had all been accustomed to.

Shortly after the above sparring benefit, Molineux, accompanied by his friend Richmond, went by special invitation to Birmingham, a town where pugilism is held in high estimation, and whilst there, the crowd assembled to see a man of

of colour, who had become so formidable amongst our native professors, was excessive. The pugilists, after having received the *cards* of most men in the *fancy* at Birmingham, took a circuit to Nottingham, where setting-to was the order of the day. This county boasted of being able to produce a man who would box with any one in the kingdom; and after the *ebony* professors had set-to with some amateurs of consequence, a direct challenge was sent by this man, whose name is String, to fight either of the blacks. Here the honour of the boxers was at stake; and Molineux, at the request of a gentleman amateur, offered to contend with the countryman with the gloves, in a *Fives Court* form. This *amicable* set-to was in a minute reversed, and Molineux found himself engaged in actual battle with a man six feet in height, of proportionate strength and make, and one who had *milled* the whole country. A very sharp conflict ensued, and the exchange of hits was awful, even with the gloves. After about ten rounds, in which the Black had a decided advantage in what Crib had over him (science), the Nottinghamshire champion *gave in*, having been hit down in almost every round.

On Wednesday, the 14th, being the day to make good a stake of 100 guineas a side between Molineux, the black, and Rimmer, the Lancashire man, for the much-talked-of boxing-match, a disappointment took place owing to the Lancashire man not coming forward to make good his deposit. It is stated, that by this failure the match is off, and Rimmer forfeits 10l. The friends of the Lancashire man, however, have since stated, in contradiction to the above account, that it was the Black's money which was not made good, and that Rimmer is willing to fight Molineux at an hour's notice.

On Saturday, the 6th instant, a pitched battle was fought at Woolwich Common, between a ship-caulker, of the name of Nathan Sullivan, and Jack Priestly, a waterman, for two guineas a side. They set to at six o'clock with great ferocity and resolution, when bets were three to two in favour of the waterman; but after the fourth round the former became the favourite, knocking his antagonist down repeatedly, and the odds were two to one on the former. After a sharp contest of one hour and ten minutes hard fighting, the latter was so much exhausted and bruised about the head, that he gave in to the superior strength of Sullivan, who was declared victor.

Pedestrianism.—On Tuesday, March 26th, a race of one hundred yards was decided on Chatham lines for a considerable sum, between Captain Tateham, of the North York Militia, and Mr. Coleman, of Doddington. Before starting, the odds were considerably in favour of Captain Tateham, and his brother officers betted on him to a large amount; he was, however, beat easily by Coleman.

A publican of the name of Shoreham started on Tuesday, the 23d instant, at Paddington, to go to Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, and return (eighty miles) in fourteen hours, at two starts. He went forty miles in six hours and a half; and, after resting three hours by agreement, he went the other forty miles in six hours and forty minutes;

nutes; having fifty minutes to spare. He did not appear much fatigued: the wager was for 100 guineas.

A YOUNG man named Clough, a groom, performed fifty miles in nine hours, on the Bath road, on Thursday, March 28, for a wager of forty guineas, which was a quarter of an hour less than the given time. He regularly performed six miles an hour for five hours, which made his match safe.

ON Wednesday, the 3d instant, Mr. Miller, jun. of Wingham, undertook for the sum of ten pounds, to walk a mile in ten minutes; which task he performed with apparent ease in eight minutes and fifty-six seconds.—On Saturday, the 6th, a foot race of thirty rods was run, for twenty guineas, between Mr. James Sandcraft and Mr. Blackman, both of the same place, which was won by the former by half a pace.—After which, a distance of twenty rods, for a large sum, was run for between Mr. J. Holman and Mr. G. Denny, which was won by the latter; the last race being extremely well contested, the opponents are again matched for a double.—And on Saturday, the 30th ult. a foot race of four miles was run on the Sandwich road, between Mr. E. Stares, and Mr. J. Rivenall, of Wingham; the former having given the latter three quarters of a mile at starting, was beat by his antagonist a quarter of a mile, though the odds were two to one against him.

ON Wednesday, the 3d instant, a most extraordinary pedestrian feat was performed on Hopper's mile, between Mr. M——, and Mr. H——, both of Canterbury; the former having engaged to run the latter six miles, (giving him five minutes in the said distance); which was won by the latter, notwithstanding every *exertion* was used by Mr. M. to beat his antagonist—having run one mile, and *walked three*, when he gave in almost breathless.

T. GLOVER, of Shenstone, near Kidderminster, undertook for a wager of five pounds to four, to run one mile within five minutes on the turnpike road, which he accomplished with the greatest ease.

A YOUNG man of the city of Norwich, for a wager walked two miles in eighteen minutes and one quarter, being allowed twenty minutes to perform it in.—Another young man in the county picked up one hundred stones placed at a yard distance, in 40 minutes, bringing every stone back to the basket.

ON Thursday, the 11th instant, the following foot races took place on Newcastle race course. Major Ross of the 4th Dragoon Guards, beat Major Douglas of the Forfar Militia, round the course (two miles) for a wager of fifty guineas. Another race, for one hundred guineas, was immediately run between Colonel Douglas, of the Forfar Militia, and an officer of the 4th Dragoon Guards, which was won by the latter, who beat the Colonel near two hundred and ninety yards. A third race took place between two officers of the Forfar, one of whom was *knocked up* before he had gone half the distance.

MR. Aldridge, the snipe-shooter, has matched himself for 200gs. to kill 18 wild pigeons in 21 shots, from a trap at 21 yards distance.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Would-be wit at Margate, a summer or two back, wishing to be very amusing, wrote, instead of any name, in the one-card Loo, at Garner's,

"Mr. Garner's natty wig;"

When he attended in the evening, to hear the names read over, anticipating a sort of triumph, he was not a little discomposed at hearing the following line read after his own, which a wag had added in the course of the day—

"As you've no brains 'twill be too big."

An under Sheriff, at a county town, a short time since, was consulting the hangman as to the strength and size of the old gallows, to hang five men, who had been left for execution; when he received the following answer: "Lord bless you, Sir, it be both strong enough and large enough; and take my word the men will hang *very comfortably*."

At a general illumination, some time back, the mob having gathered round a house which happened to be a butcher's, began to call out, "Lights, lights;" when the master of the house opened one of his windows, and put out a pole, at the end of which was suspended a *bullock's lights*, which so amused the mob, that upon the butcher's assuring them he meant to light up, they went on, and left his windows unmolested.

A gentleman, who was rather near-sighted, being at a ball, and seeing a lady whom he thought he knew very well, began conversing with her in a very free way, but finding she did not answer him, he discovered he was in error as to the person. "And," said he, as he told the story to a friend, "I was obliged to apologise *after all*."—"Aye," said his friend, "and *before all*, too, I suppose."

The following advertisement appeared in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of the 27th last:

Take Notice—I do hereby forewarn all persons of trusting my husband, Archibald Hazlett, any thing on my account, as I have paid several grog bills for him.

Isabella Hazlett.

When Polly Watts was tried at the last Westminster Sessions, on a charge of vagrancy, for attempting to pick pockets in Covent-Garden Theatre, Jack Townsend was called as to character, and saying that he knew her to be a notorious thief these last thirty years, Polly emphatically exclaimed, "Then, Mr. Townsend, it seems you can't *boast* of your acquaintances."

A Peckham Daggerwood lately boasted that the Theatre to which he belonged was the *first* in the country, inasmuch as it came the *nearest* to the London performances.

Another Hoax.—A horse-dealer, at Uxbridge, as remarkable for the urbanity

urbanity of his manners, as he is distinguished for the benevolence of his heart, was a few days since disappointed of participating in a fox chase, to which he had been invited in the neighbourhood of Oxfordshire, by receiving on the morning he was to have set off a letter by the post, desiring his immediate attendance in London, to receive an order for a set of horses for the use of the High Sheriff of Bucks, and while his friends were enjoying the sports of the field, and solacing their hearts over the Tuscan grape, he was on a wrong scent, among the Inns of Court, to find the Under Sheriff for that county, to receive the pretended order. What aggravated his calamity was to find, that he had not only lost his time, but had been swindled of his money, the company having deposited a guinea each, as a security for due attendance—a caution suggested by himself.

It being asked on the *first of April*, which of the African Princes was most like that day, a ready punster promptly answered the conundrum thus:—

No African Prince, but a quibble appears,
For the first day of April's *the day of all jeers.*

EPIGRAM ON THE REPORTED DEATH OF THE CHILD OF BONAPARTE.

Soon as the Royal Infant came to light,
He saw his Father, and he died of fright.
BUGGYBO.

A New Psalm.—Part of a psalm composed by a clerk in Yorkshire, on the distemper among the horned cattle in the summer of 1784, and sung and chorussed by the whole congregation in the church.—The first four stanzas contain an account of the cattle that died, and the names of the farmers to whom they had belonged; the remaining verses were as follow:—

"No Christian bull, nor sow, they say,
But takes it out of hand;
And we shall have no cows at all
I doubt within this land.

"The Doctors, tho' they all have spoke
Like learned gentlemen,
And told us how the entrails look
Of cattle dead and green:

"Yet they do nothing do at all,
With all their learning store;
So Heav'n drive out this plague away,
And vex us not no more."

This piece was so well received, that after the service it was desired again by all the congregation except five farmers, who wept bitterly, and said the lines were *too moving.*

The minister in going out said to the clerk: "Why, John, what psalm was that we had to day? it was not one of David's."—"David's! No, no, Sir," quoth John, big with the new honour he had acquired; "David never made such a psalm sin he was born.—This is one of my own putting together, Measter!"

Old Frederick of Prussia, one of the greatest warriors of the last century, could not bear any thing in a soldier that was in the least ridiculous, or had the slightest appearance of a coxcomb, as may be seen by the following anecdote:—The Marquis of Noailles, Ambassador of the King of France at the Court of Berlin, introduced at the King of Prussia's Levee one Count Latons, who was Colonel in the King of France's Body Guards. This handsome young man was dressed

dressed in a very superb style. His head was full of curls; his tail, which hung down to the calf of his legs, was stuffed and swollen up with powder and pomatum to an amazing size; and as to the perfumery with which he was covered, it was so offensive, that Frederick, who never wore a snuff-box, was compelled to put his hand every moment in his pocket, to take some snuff in his own defence.—Surveying the Count from top to toe, the King turned towards the Ambassador, saying, "Pray, Marquis, when will this great man make his first appearance on the stage? Will it be in a tragedy or in a comedy?" The Ambassador, bowing to the King, replied, "Please your Majesty, he is a Colonel of my master's Life Guards, and a nobleman of great rank." The King expressed the greatest surprise at this information, assuring the Ambassador, that had he not been informed of it from so respectable a man, he should have supposed him to be one of the *mountebanks* at some *country fair.*

When Lord Townsend was Secretary of State to George the First, some city dames came to visit his lady, with whom she was little acquainted. Meaning to be mighty civil, and return their visits, she asked one of them where she lived? The other replied, "Near Aldermanbury."—"Oh!" cried Lady Townsend, "I hope the Alderman is well."

ON A GAY WIDOW.

Her mourning is all make believe,
She's gay as any linnet:
With weepers she has tipped her sleeve.
The while she's laughing in it.

English Bull.—A cockney traveller in the North of Ireland, stopped at an inn in a small country town, and ordered breakfast. The landlady asked him what he would chuse to have. "I vont have any of your potatoes or herrings," answered he, "I am an Englishman, *rat me.*" "I did not ask you, Sir," said she, "what you *would not* have." "Let me see, then," said he, assuming a look of vast importance, "have you got such things as eggs in this here country?" On being answered in the affirmative, he ordered eggs and coffee; "and do you hear," added he, pulling out his gold watch and handing it to her, "boil the eggs with my vatch." "Yes, Sir," answered she, and went out. In a few minutes she returned with his watch and the eggs on a plate, having literally obeyed his orders, and boiled all together. "What do you mean by this?" vociferated he, "you have ruined my double-cased English watch, capped and jewelled, with a horizontal wheel, and patent lever!—Was ever such stupidity!—What put it in your confounded head to make such an *Irish Bull* as to boil my watch?" "I am of opinion, Sir," answered she, "that it was you that made an *English Bull*, in supposing me so ignorant as not to know how to boil eggs without a watch." The cockney finding he was bit, paid for his breakfast and departed, not quite so wise, in his own idea, as he had entered.—*(Londonderry Reporter.)*

Tragical Combat.—Two *Bacchanalian Heroes* quarrelled a few days since, at the Cocoa-tree Coffee-house, Pall-mall. A challenge was sent by the offended party, and the choice of weapons being left to the gentleman challenged, he prudently

ly chose a *combustible.* In this, however, there was no *saltpetre,* being pure *brandy.* The time and place of meeting being appointed, the combatants took their stations on each side of a table, attended by their seconds, and armed each with a quart bottle of the true *Cogniac.* At a given signal, they charged and fired; and, after twelve rounds, they were both carried from the field *dead*—drunk.

EPITAPH ON A COMPOSITOR.

No more shall copy bad perplex my brain,
No more shall type's small face my eye-balls strain;
No more the proof's foul page create me troubles,
By errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles;
No more my back shall ache from authors' whims,
In over-runnings, driving-outs and ins;
The stubborn pressman's frown I now may scoff—
Revis'd, corrected, finally wrought off.

MOVING EPITAPH—IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

Here lies, to parents, friends, and country dear,
A youth, who scarce had seen his 17th year,
But, in that time, so much good sense had shown,
That Death mistook 17 for 71.

An informer once came to Oliver Cromwell, and told him, that a person in a tavern had libelled him. The protector desired to know what he had said, and the informer, after much hesitation, told him he had "bid him kiss his ——." —"What sort of a person was he?"—"An't please your Highness, a very poor fellow."—"Then go and tell him he may kiss mine." —This seems to be a medium process between *ex officio* and *indictment!*

A *Yorkshireman* and *Leicestershireman* contending for the superior fertility of their respective counties, the Leicestershireman declared, that he could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs. "Pho! that's nothing, (cried the Yorkshireman) you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able *to find him next morning.*"

A French gentleman, the other day, at Portsmouth, bargaining for a gelding, declined the purchase, saying, "I no like dat horse, he vil no go *into von decanter.*"

Counsellor Howard, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue* as for his *bon mots,* being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the cause in the following manner —"My Lord, I am counsel in a cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your Lordship, that this *soldier* here—" "Stop, Sir," says the ignorant military hero (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach) "I would have you know, Sir, I am an *officer.*" "Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon," says the counsellor, very drily; "then my Lord, to speak more correctly, this officer here, who is no *soldier*——."

Lady C—l J—h—ne has been seized with a *first* fit of the gout, at the age of eighty-four.

Bulletin, Hampton Court, Sunday, March 31.—"Her Ladyship has had a restless night, being paralysed through her whole frame, except the *tip end of her tongue.*"

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG,

Sung at the Subscribers' Dinner, at Willis's, on occasion of the Sydney Races, New South Wales.—(See p. 34).

Tune---" To Anacreon in Heav'n."

OFT the bards of old times, and the minstrel's gay strains,
Have the sports of the Chase, all transcendant, reveal'd,
Sung of Nimrod's exploits on the wide-spreading plains,
And from Dian's bright charms trac'd the charms of the field;
Whilst the turf's native green
Ever hallow'd has been,
And a contest more glorious enliven'd the scene;
When the high-mettled racer, proud, pamper'd, and gay,
Bore the meed of his prowess triumphant away.

These sports are confin'd to no climate or shores,
But regions remote shall new patrons secure them;
Like the orb in the east, which all nature adores,
They have dawn'd on our land, and 'tis ours to mature them!
No longer a waste,
As in rude ages past,
Shall our turf be forsaken by beauty and taste;
But impart to the high-mettled racer so gay,
Fresh ardour to bear the proud trophy away.

The smiles of the fair, like spring's fostering breath,
Shall rear the young scion, and teach it to shoot;
Round the temples of beauty we'll twine the fresh wreath,
And love's hallow'd altars shall teem with the fruit.
Then leave cynics to rail,
Our voice shall prevail,
And the sons of the turf their fair favourites hail!
Whilst long for their sakes shall the sports of to-day,
The high-mettled racer's fleet prowess display.

When these plaudits are lost in the arch of high heav'n,
A strain more exalted shrill echo shall send:
'Tis the suffrage of gratitude, cordially giv'n,
To our patron—our chief—our protector, and friend!
To him whose calm voice
Makes his people rejoice—
That the friend to mankind is their Sovereign's choice!
And long may his mild and beneficent sway,
Enhance—whilst it sanctions the sports of to-day!

MURTOCH DELANY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ABOVE RACES.

Tune---" Ballynamony-ora."

DON'T you know I from Hawkesbury came to behold
Your races, that seem'd to delight young and old,
Where each rode a-foot, if not blest with a horse,
And canter'd away to the place called the Course.
Sing Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora,
A tight little horse-race for me.

Och! then what a noise open'd up to my view,

About young Paddywhack, and old Bryanboroo,
But sacrilege surely it was at the least,
That Paddy's dear name should belong to a beast.
Sing Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora,
Ah! no such vile nick names for me.

There were gentlemen mounted so fine and so gay,
And ladies that look'd like a star at noon-day;
When I see the dear creatures I grieve that I'm poor,
Since beauty's the planet we all must adore.
Sing Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora,
A smart little damsel for me.

Six jokers on horseback were standing stock still,
Like as many dragoons that were learning to drill,
Till losing their wits, sure, they all at one time
Galloped off at full speed, without reason or rhyme.
Sing Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora,
Ah! no such diversion for me.

In no time at all sure they twirl'd round about,
And meet cheek by jowl at the place they set out;
Then faster and faster they went—I protest,
To see which could manage to break his neck best.
Sing Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora,
Their necks they may crack all for me.

But think what the devil myself could possess;—
One said wou'd I lay, and I thought I'd say yes!
Then because I just lost—and had nothing to pay,
Why I raced by myself, and so galloped away.
Sing Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora, Ballynamony-ora,
No kicking nor whipping for me!

REGIMENTAL SONG,

For the 87th Regiment, called the Prince of Wales's Irish Volunteers.

BY CAPTAIN MORRICE, 1803.

[The following account is given of the origin of this song:—His Royal Highness, the Prince, patron of the regiment, on presenting its Colours, intimated to the celebrated Captain Morrice, his royal wish for an appropriate song to be sung at all festivities of the corps. His Royal Highness's command was obeyed by Captain Morrice, with a fervour which produced the happy thoughts combined in this little piece. The song is preserved in the regiment as a most precious treasure, and is sung on every festive occasion with an exultation which those who have ever witnessed its effect have forcibly felt, yet can but faintly describe.]

COME on, brother Soldiers! the field is now ended;
The bowl's merry music now calls us along;
True valour's best pleased, when with mirth it is blended,
And love's a gay chorus when glory's the song.

Then, join in my list now, ye lads of true mettle!
The brave Eighty-seventh, our voices shall raise;
The Muse, lads, wherever her eye she may settle,
Will ne'er find a subject more fit for her praise.

At Loyalty's call, as a band of true brothers,
We sprang into arms, to give strength to her sway;
And life, that's a debt, paid to nature, by others,
We brought a free gift to the Prince we obey.

Our love for our country's as firm as old Cato's;
For our blest Constitution our Colours we rear;
We're the Prince's own lads, from the land of potatoes,
And no sound, but of glory, has charms for our ear.

Our

Our Colours his own royal arm hath supported;
'The charge of their fame to our honour he gave;
And we trust in the field where true glory is courted,
They'll shine, like himself, the *great hope* of the brave.

May union and concord for ever then bind us;
Through honour's bright field *with one heart* may we roam!
Abroad, in all danger, the foe ever find us;
And Friendship and Love ever meet us *at home!*

Thus his brave Royal Line to the end of time's story,
May God and our arms ever shelter and save!
May the *Shamrock* be ever the crest of true glory!
And the *Harp of Old Erin* the charm of the brave!

HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

By John Poole, Esq.

ACT THE FIRST.—SCENE I.

A Room of State in the Palace.

KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, GENTLEMEN, *and* LADIES, *discovered.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

King.
THO' by our dismal phizzes plain 'tis seen
The mem'ry of our brother's death is green;
Yet, as he's laid in peace upon the shelf,
'Tis time we think upon our royal self;
We, therefore, to dispel our royal spleen,
Have ta'en his widow Gertrude for our Queen.—
How now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit.—

Laertes.
My Lord, that's true.
I have a mighty wish to learn to dance,
And crave your royal leave to go to France.

King.
Your suit is granted.

Laertes.
Sire, I'm much your debtor.

King.
Then brush! the sooner you are off the better.

Exit Laertes.

(*To* Hamlet) Cheer up, my son, and cousin, never mind—

Hamlet.
A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King.
Why hang the clouds still on you? Come, have done.

Hamlet.
You're out, my Lord: I'm too much in the sun.—

Queen.
Come, Hamlet, leave off crying; 'tis in vain,
Since crying will not bring him back again.
Besides, 'tis common: all that live must die—
So blow your nose, my dear, and do not cry.

Hamlet.
Aye, Madam, it is common,

Queen.
If it be,
Why seems there such a mighty fuss with thee?

Hamlet.
Talk not to me of seems—when husbands die,
'Twere well if some folks seem'd the same as I.
But I have that within you can't take from me—
As for black clothes,—that's all my eye and Tommy.

King.
Cheer up, my hearty: tho' you've lost your dad,
Consider that your case is not so bad:
Your father lost a father; and 'tis certain
Death o'er your great-grandfather drew the curtain.
You've mourn'd enough: 'tis time your grief to smother;
Don't cry; you shall be king some time or other.

Queen.
Go not to Wittenberg, my love, I pray you.

Hamlet.
Mamma, I shall in all my best obey you.

King.
Well said, my lad! Cheer up! no more foul weather:—
We'll meet anon, and all get drunk together.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

SONG

SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—" *Derry Down.*")

A ducat I'd give if a sure way I knew
How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh into dew!
How happy were I if no sin were self-slaughter,
For I'd then throw myself and my cares in the water!
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

How weary, how profitless, stale, and how flat,
Seem to me all life's uses, its joys,—and all that;
This world is a garden unweeded; and clearly
Not worth living for—things rank and gross hold it merely.
Derry down, &c.

Two months have scarce pass'd since dad's death, and my mother,
Like a brute as she is, has just married his brother.—
To wed such a bore!—but 'tis all too late now:
We can't make a silk purse of the ear of a sow.
Derry down, &c.

So fondly he lov'd her, I've oft heard him tell her,
" If it rains, my dear Gertrude, pray take my umbrella:"
When too roughly the winds have beset her, he'th said,
" My dear, take my belcher to tie round your head."
Derry down, &c.

Why, zounds! she'd hang on him, as much as to say,
" The longer I love you, the longer I may:"—
Yet before one could whistle, as I am a true man,
He's forgotten!—Oh, frailty, thy name sure is woman!
Derry down, &c.

To marry my uncle! my father's own brother!—
I'm as much like a lion as one's like the other.
It will not, by jingo, it can't come to good—
But break, my poor heart:—I'd say more if I could.
Derry down, &c.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hamlet.
My lads, I'm glad to see you. I implore
You'll tell me what brought you to Elsinore.

Horatio.
To see dad's funeral I popp'd my head in.

Hamlet.
No quizzing—'twas to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio.
Indeed, my lord, one follow'd hard on t'other.—
I never should have thought it of your mother.

Hamlet.
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! Denmark's cooks were able
With funeral meats to cheer the marriage-table.—
Methinks I have my father in my sight.

Horatio.
My lord, I'll swear I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet.
Saw! Who?

Horatio.
The king, your father.

Hamlet.
Much I doubt it.

Marcellus.
'Tis true, my lord.

Horatio.
I'll tell you all about it.

Hamlet.
Perchance 'twill walk again;—I'll watch to-night,
And beg a conversation with the sprite:
If in my father's form it come to scare me,
I'll speak to it, should e'en Old Harry dare me.
(*To* Hor. *and* Mar.) Don't let the cat out of the bag, I prythee.

Horatio.
Never fear me.

Marcellus.
Nor me.

Hamlet.
Then I'll be with ye
Soon after supper.

Horatio.
Honour?

Hamlet.
Poz.—Adieu!

Exeunt Hor. Mar. *and* Ber.

No doubt some dirty work, if this be true.
Would it were supper-time, this tale so wheedles,
Till then I'm sitting upon pins and needles. [*Exit.*